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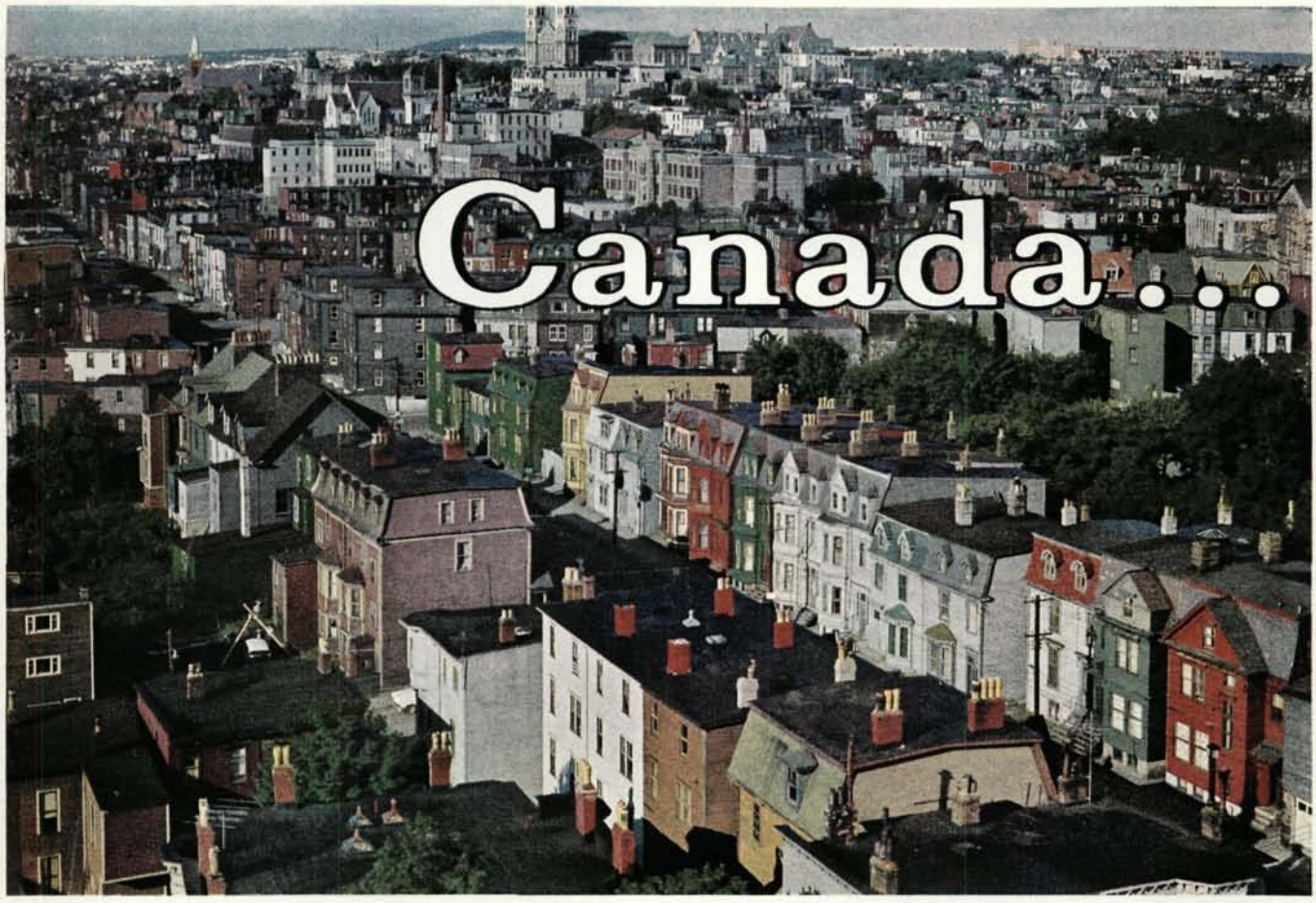

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Doubleday has just published "Prize Stories, 1960: the O. Henry Awards," and this year, as always, they are well worth reading and thinking about. Perhaps more so this time, for this is the 40th volume in the series—not exactly a short life for an art form that is perpetually given the last rites.

First prize winner is Lawrence Sargent Hall, the owner of a boat yard at Orr's Island, Maine. "The Ledge" is more of a short epic than short story. It is about a fisherman, his son, and his nephew, lost on a ledge but not to each other. The tale is somehow stoical yet achingly poignant.

My particular favorite is Philip Roth's "Defender of the Faith." Anything but stoic in tone, it is fiercely funny, courageous and produced a storm of mail after its first appearance in the *New Yorker*.

Third prize is to Robin White for a *Harper's* story, "Shower of Ashes." I like, too, Herbert Gold's free style "Love and Like," about a man out of marriage after ten years. It is anti-divorce the way some novels are anti-war. Or is that really the same thing?

The editor, Mary Stegner, has chosen from the few magazines who maintain the standard of excellence for short story publication. Including those mentioned above, they are *Mademoiselle*, *Commentary*, *Esquire*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and several of the more durable quarterly reviews.

I sometimes wonder whether O. Henry would appreciate the irony that the stories chosen to honor his memory virtually all avoid the trick ending.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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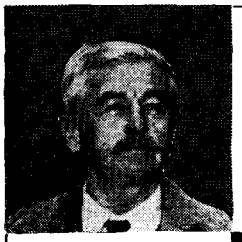

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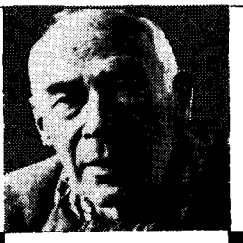

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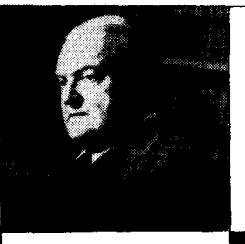

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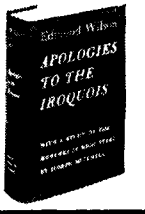

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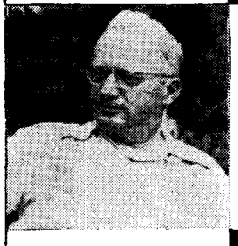

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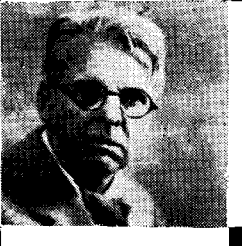

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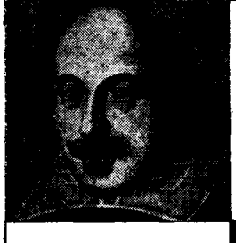

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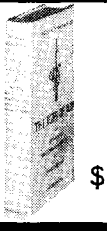

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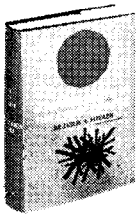

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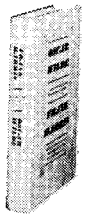

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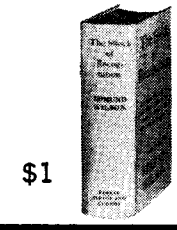

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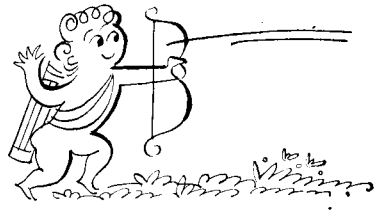
TRADE Winds

EVER SINCE THAT APPLE incident, people have been saying that love is what makes the world go round, and this seems to be as good a time as any to re-examine the entire situation.

Books on love are legion, but their contents are curiously vague and obscure. Dr. Smiley Blanton urges us to love or perish. Ashley Montagu tries to let us in on the meaning of love. Eric Fromm speaks rather technically on the



art of loving. Morton Hunt tries to trace the natural history of love. André Maurois divides love into seven faces. Theodor Reik speaks of love and lust. Denis de Rougemont tells us all about love in the Western world. And writers all over the place often get on a hate-that-love kick, and trouble deaf heaven with their bootless cries.

FOR INSTANCE, Dryden calls it the reason of all unreasonable action. Bulwer-Lytton, biliously unromantic, writes that it's the business of the idle, and the idleness of the busy. Samuel Daniel, bearing a down-with-love banner, says that love is a sickness full of woes, all remedies refusing. John Masefield gets in his dig by calling love a flame to burn out human wills. Ovid militantly calls it a kind of warfare. And in a frenzy of hapless fury, John Ford writes in a play called "The Lover's Melancholy" that love is a tyrant of the heart that, among other things, runs a headlong course to desperate madness. Add to this Thomas Moore's dour, wailing voice describing love merely as repentance, and you're likely to wonder why anybody ever got ecstatic about moons and Junes in the first place.

EQUALLY SEVERE about the whole outlook on love are the light versifiers. One of them, Samuel Hoffenstein, wrote with lethal joy in his delightful volume "Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing." He concludes one poem:

> Your little voice
> So soft and kind;
> Your little soul,
> Your little mind.

Not content with this, he goes on to write:

> When you're away, I'm restless, lonely,
> Wretched, bored, dejected; only
> Here's the rub, my darling dear,
> I feel the same when you are near.

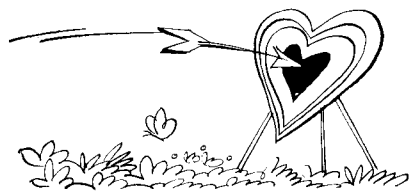
And he sums the picture up with:

> If you love me, as I love you,
> We'll both be friendly and untrue.

Dorothy Parker, of course, can always be counted on to sharpen her throwing knives when it comes to such a tender subject, and her poem that begins by telling us that life is a "glorious cycle of song, a medley of extemporania" ends up by suggesting that anyone who thinks that love is something which can never go wrong is likely to think that she's the Queen of Rumania.

Not that such happy disregard is anything new: Thomas Hood, among many other old-timers, threw his stone at the Temple of Love with this one:

> After such years of dissension and strife,
> Some wonder that Peter should weep for his wife:
> But his tears on her grave are nothing surprising—
> He's laying her dust, for fear of its rising.



HOWEVER, FOR THE cause of love, there are plenty of supporters, most of them with a soupy tendency to go far overboard. George Henry Baker lets out all the stops by saying that love is that orbit of the restless soul whose circle grazes the confines of space, bounding within the limits of utmost extremes. Henry Van Dyke calls it the heart's immortal thirst. And William Sharp, somewhat more restrained, is content to say simply that love is a beautiful dream.

BETWEEN THE EXTREMISTS lies that great gray chameleon group, whose members are obviously afraid to stick their necks

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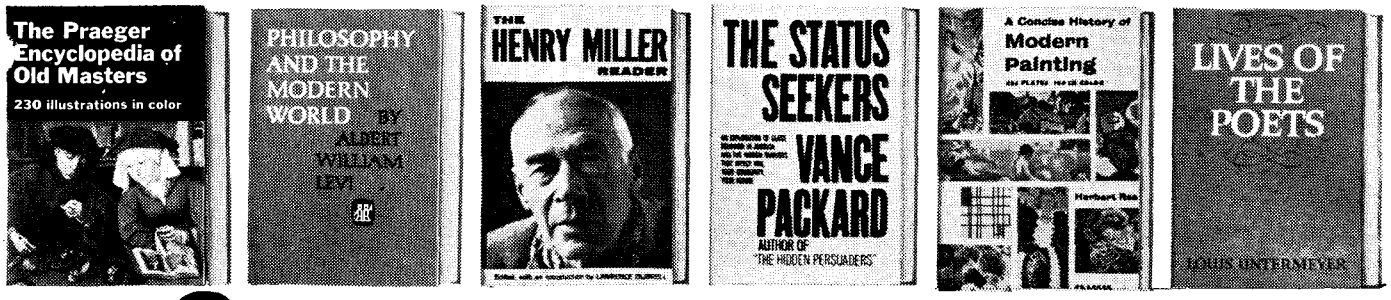
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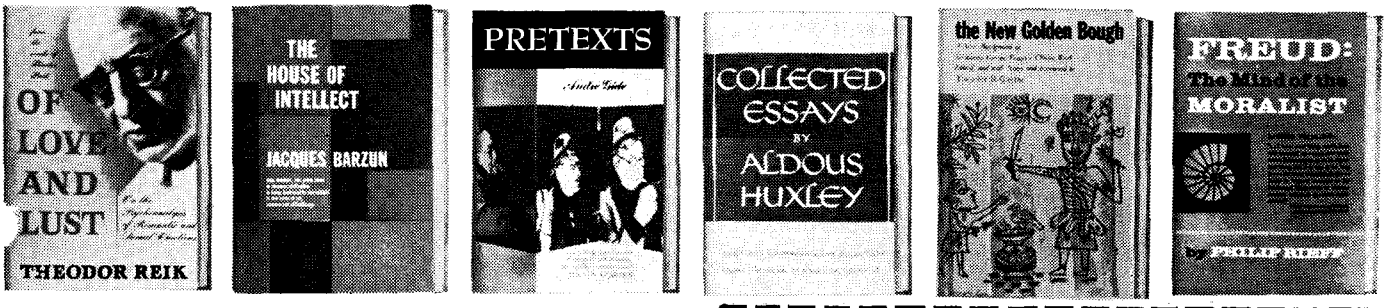

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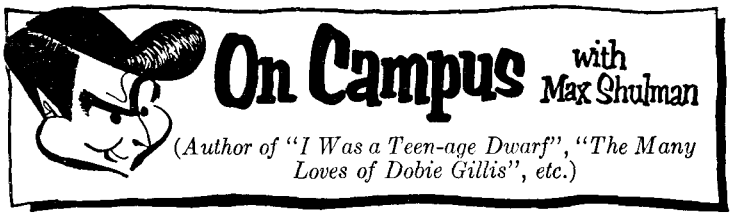


EAT, DRINK AND BE MARRIED

On a recent tour of seventy million American colleges, I was struck by two outstanding facts: first, the great number of students who smoke Marlboro, and second, the great number of students who are married.

The first phenomenon—the vast multitude of Marlboro smokers—comes as no surprise for, as everyone knows, the college student is an enormously intelligent organism, and what could be more intelligent than to smoke Marlboro? After all, pleasure is what you smoke for and pleasure is what Marlboro delivers—pleasure in every puff of that good golden tobacco. If you think flavor went out when filters came in, try a Marlboro. Light up and see for yourself . . . Or, if you like, don't light up. Just take a Marlboro, unlighted, and puff a couple of times. Get that wonderful flavor? You bet you do! Even without lighting you can taste Marlboro's excellent filter flavor recipe. Also you can make your package last practically forever.

No, I say, it was not the great number of Marlboro smokers that astounded me, it was the great number of married students. You may find this hard to believe but latest statistics show that at some coeducational colleges the proportion of married undergraduates runs as high as thirty percent! And, what is even more startling, fully one-quarter of these marriages have been blessed with issue!

Here now is a figure to give you pause! Not that we don't all love babies. Of course we do! Babies are pink and fetching rascals, given to winsome noises and droll expressions, and we all like nothing better than to rain kisses on their soft little skulls. But just the same, to the young campus couple who are parents for the first time the baby is likely to be a source of considerable worry. Therefore, let me devote today's column to a few helpful hints on the care of babies.

First of all, we will take up the matter of diet. In the past, babies were raised largely on table scraps. This, however, was outlawed by the Smoot-Hawley Act, and today babies are fed a scientific formula consisting of dextrose, maltose, distilled water, evaporated milk and a twist of lemon peel.

After eating, the baby tends to grow sleepy. A lullaby is very useful to help it fall asleep. In case you don't know any lullabies, make one up. This is not at all difficult. In a lullaby the words are unimportant since the baby doesn't understand them anyhow. The important thing is the *sound*. All you have to do is string together a bunch of nonsense syllables, taking care that they make an agreeable sound. For example:

Go to sleep, my little infant,
Goo-goo moo-moo poo-poo binfant.

Having fed and serenaded the baby, arrange it in the position for slumber. A baby sleeps best on its stomach so place it that way in its crib. Then to make sure it will not turn itself over during the night lay a soft but fairly heavy object on its back—another baby, for instance.

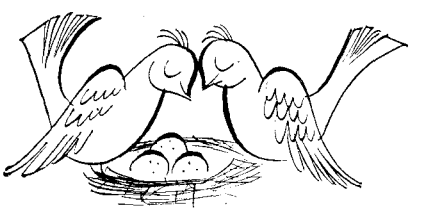
© 1960 Max Shulman

* * *

And when baby is fast asleep—the little angel!—why don't you relax and give yourself a treat? With Marlboro—or if you like mildness but you don't like filters—with Philip Morris made in long size and regular by the sponsors of this column.

out. There is the medicinal school, typified by Thomas Middleton, who calls love the mind's strong physic and the pill which leaves the heart sick. Shakespeare is the chief standard-bearer of the love-is-not-love school, proclaiming once that love is not love which alter when it alteration finds; and again, similarly, that love's not love when it is mingled with regards that stand aloof from the entire point. Richard Corbet joins him in this school by noting that when too much zeal doth fire devotion, love is not love, but superstition. Top spokesman for the what's-all-the-fuss-about league is Samuel Johnson, who makes it plain that love is only one of many passions, and has no great influence in the sum of life. George Jean Nathan joins Johnson in sentiment, calling it the butt of Democrats, traveling salesmen, magazine poets, and the writers of American novels. And H. L. Mencken, with a caustic objurgation, writes that love is based upon a view of women that is impossible to any man who has had any experience with them.

The Freudian, the legal, and the pragmatic schools are reflected in the ob-



servations of Antoine de Salle (love is an egotism of two); Henry Ward Beecher (love is more than just justice); and Longfellow (love keeps out the cold better than a cloak), in that order.

BY FAR THE LARGEST school of amour-observers are the grocery-and-package-store gentlemen who like to get love all mixed up with food and drink.

John Sheffield calls it the salt of life. Wordsworth tells us to say not we love a roasted fowl. Montaigne warns that love is nothing else but an insatiate thirst for enjoying a greedily desired object. Socrates would have us know that love is an appetite of generation by the mediation of beauty.

BUT THE GALLIC TOUCH is the thing that has made love itself go round, and Anatole France sums up the whole outlook by saying that religion has done love a great service by making it a si Backing Anatole up is the new book recently issued by World, titled "Love and the French," which is full of saucy historical facts. The book, written by Nina Epton, was conceived over a bottle of champagne with her editor, and

(*Continued on page* 13)

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The Great Challenge

At a time when many of our society's fundamental aims and ideals are undergoing a searching re-evaluation by a newly appointed Presidential Commission on National Goals, the CBS Television Network will present a series of three hour-long symposiums in which a group of the country's outstanding intellectual leaders will examine the effectiveness of some of our basic democratic institutions.

Under the title of THE GREAT CHALLENGE, similar symposiums have in past seasons given the public an opportunity to absorb the wisdom of such notable authorities as Arnold Toynbee, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., Barbara Ward Jackson, Erich Fromm, Lionel Trilling and J. Robert Oppenheimer.

This year's series, moderated by CBS News correspondent Howard K. Smith, will present the following broadcasts:

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Sunday, April 3 (2-3 pm EST) *How Can You Get Things Done In A Democracy?* This discussion will focus on the ability of our democratic institutions to carry out the difficult measures that are necessary for survival in today's dangerous and fast-moving world.

Sunday, April 10 (1:30-2:30 pm EST) The final program will discuss a question which has been in the center of the nation's attention for the past year, *How Can the Mass Media Contribute to Effective Democratic Leadership?*

THE GREAT CHALLENGE is one of a significant number of award-winning CBS News television programs which are designed to focus public attention on the full range of our interests and responsibilities as citizens of a democracy.

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took two years to complete after the glasses had been emptied.

You will be interested to learn from it that a tribe in Arabia called Bani Odra included the most faithful lovers in the world and that its members have even been known to die of love. You also learn that it was not at all uncommon for a French nobleman of the eleventh century to retire to the damsel's hall after dinner, take off his shirt, and have the girls press forward to scratch his back.

All kinds of paradoxes were rampant among the French in the Middle Ages. A custom known as *moniage* provoked many noblemen to join a religious order on their deathbeds, donning the monastic habit to cancel out their whopping amorous careers of the past. There was a prevalent opinion afoot that it was worse to sin with an ugly woman than with a pretty one, and that a man who repented after having sinned with an attractive woman was a hundred times more deserving.

A CURIOUS EXAMPLE of Gallic sentiment is reflected in the book "De Arte Honesti Amandi," written back in the twelfth century by a gentleman known as Andrew the Clerk. It is quoted by Miss Epton from the Columbia University Press translation. After writing three sections on the delights of love in no uncertain terms, Andrew spins like a top and writes:

"Any man who devotes his efforts to love loses all usefulness. There is not a criminal excess that does not stem from love: homicide, adultery, perjury, theft, false witness, incest, idolatry. . . . Physical love causes one to eat less and drink less and so the body has less strength. It finally takes away man's sleep and deprives him of all rest. This is followed by bad digestion. Bad digestion upsets the humours within us and so fevers and numberless ills arise. Loss of sleep causes frequent alterations in brain and mind so that a man becomes raging mad. Too much brooding by day and by night, which all lovers indulge in, also brings on a certain weakness of the brain. I once found in a medical book that because of the works of Venus a man quickly grows old, so I try by my entreaties to warn you not to love."

How did the French ever make a comeback?

SINCE LOVE and the Gallic wit are inseparable, it was inevitable that "Lolita" would sooner or later get involved in a joke that spoofs the French view of *amour*.

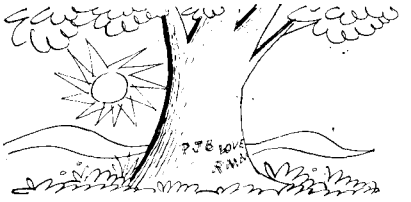
A Frenchman, it is said, inquired of an American: "What are some of your recent best-sellers?"

"Well," said the American. "You might enjoy 'Lolita.' It has a certain Gallic touch."

"And what," asked the Frenchman, "is the book about?"

"It concerns a middle-aged man who gets involved with a twelve-year-old girl."

"Indeed," said the Frenchman. "Was she attractive?"



REGARDLESS OF WHAT has been said, written, or thought about love as what makes the world go round, it remains a fact that a survey of the news stories in *The New York Times* during a recent week revealed that the word was not mentioned once. Furthermore, most current books on the subject get so bogged down with words that they blunt the meaning of the elusive subject.

Any examination of the material relating to love is bound to remind one of the story of the poor immigrant who slaved for years to save up enough money to buy a huge definitive volume on the subject he wanted to learn about most: electricity.

It took him two years to finish reading the volume, as he painfully translated each sentence into his own language.

When he finally reached the last sentence of the book, it read: "What, then, *do* we know about electricity?"

—John G. Fuller.

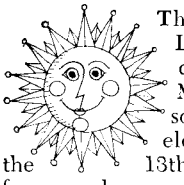
Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1356)

(Eleanor) Duckett:
THE WANDERING SAINTS (OF THE EARLY MIDDLE AGES)

The Venerable Bede wrote that "Many times have serpents been shipped there from Britain; but directly the boat draws towards shore they sicken* and die when they catch a breath of good* Irish air." No wonder that Ireland has been called the Isle of Saints!

*Replacing "perish" to get the K. Inserted to get the G.

Things to do and see in Europe this summer

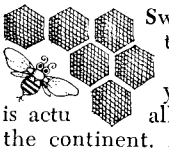


The first thing to see is Lisbon—gay, romantic city and gateway to the Mediterranean. Many seasoned and first-time travelers are flying there. On the 13th, 24th, and 29th of June, for example, you can join a parade and troop up Lisbon avenues under glorious banners and winking lights. During this Festival of Saints, the happy colors of flowers and fireworks and the Latin gaiety that greet you everywhere will enrapture you. And in July, the 3rd and 4th, a few miles north of Lisbon, at Vila Franca de Xira, you'll shout "Olé!" as Portuguese gay blades catch a few bulls barehanded in the town streets. You might even try it yourself . . . if you're strong of heart and well-insured.

Only a short hop from the bulls of Portugal are the film stars at the International Locarno Film Festival in Switzerland. From the 21st to 31st of July, outdoors, the great cellu loids of the world flicker on: some to make you roar, some to strike a deep chord. And near Zurich, for the mere pittance of less than $7 a day (including meals), you can live in a genuine, stouthearted castle from an ancient day and tell your friends how you played the part of a beribboned baron.

From your castle, if you can tear yourself from the sky-poking mountains and cozy Swiss valleys, ride a short distance across the border to Oberammergau to witness 900 townspeople acting in the Passion Play and bringing to life the most pai nful day in Christian history. Fly to Col ogne to hear the rich variety of musical compositions at the 34th World Festival of Modern Music, June 10th through the 19th. And during August, be sure to visit Rome to cheer the Olympians and then to muse at the grave of young John Keats.

And here's a bit of news to save you traveling money: for only the price of your Swissair ticket to Rome, you can stop over at no extra cost in Lisbon, Zurich and Cologne, where most of these things are going on.



Switzerland, which you might think of as suburban Europe (close by to everything and yet a worthy place in itself), is actu ally the geographic heart of the continent. From Switzerland, you're minutes away from 'most anywhere in Europe. So, prepare now for a happy holiday on our luxurious Douglas DC-8 Jetliners . . . and continue on throughout much of Europe on our swift new Caravelle jets. And, if you choose, you can do it all on our pay later plan. SWISS-CARE . . . the loving-care with which Swissair tends its passengers . . . warms you to the heart every mile you fly. Call or write your travel agent or Swissair for more details today. Offices in principal cities.

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Perspective/1960

By Theodore H. White

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The germinal ideas and events that make history, and the men responsible for them, have long been among this magazine's concerns. Indeed, more than two decades ago, Elmer Davis wrote for SR a series of political essays in which current affairs were set against a broad historical and philosophical background. It is in this tradition that SR presents the first instalment of a feature by the well-known author and analyst Theodore H. White. Mr. White, who for a number of years was a correspondent in Europe and Asia before returning to this country to report the American scene for leading newspapers and magazines, has won numerous awards for both his nonfiction and fiction books. While he may give principal attention in this space to the developing Presidential campaign, he will also be free to discuss other subjects that seem to require perspective.*

IF, AS SOMEONE has remarked, Americans choose their political leaders by their style as men rather than by the issues they speak, no greater paradox of style has been offered recently than by Senator John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts.

For the public style and personality of this youngest of Presidential candidates are those of deceptively radiant freshness. The lithe grace of his motion, the handsome face bearing no sag or wrinkle, are those of a man sensitive enough almost to invite mothering. His speeches, which rove through the corridors of American history, quoting Abraham Lincoln, Uncle Joe Cannon, Will Rogers, and Robert Sherwood's poetry, with an occasional fleck of Dante or T. S. Eliot, have the purity of the scholar's touch and the sweetness of books cherished and remembered. And yet the high, clear voice, unthickened yet by the hoarseness of the political veteran, only its soft, semi-liquid "L" flawing otherwise perfect diction, is that of romantic youth.

But the drive of the Kennedy campaign, the style and pace of its direction speak an entirely different personality—of a man who has mastered the cold grammar of power with a toughness of instinct and clarity of analysis that approach remorseless perfection. Kennedy is, of course, extravagantly financed. He can joke disarmingly about his financing—"I received a telegram from my father last night," he quipped at a friendly meeting recently, "It said, 'Don't buy another vote. I'm not going to pay for a landslide.'" But what is remarkable is not the depth of resources this financing has purchased; it is the precision with which they are organized. For the enormous Kennedy operation has not simply grown; it has been engineered as a machine for the application of power. And the style of its organization is, perhaps, worth more examination than the words of its master. Words, in American politics, are processed by many men; it is organization that separates the men from the boys. It was organization as much as personality or words or anything else that produced the stunning Kennedy success in New Hampshire two weeks ago; and Kennedy organization again, as much as resources, has made the desperate struggle of Hubert Humphrey in Wisconsin's primary apparently so uneven a contest.

Senator Kennedy

• • •

The visible control room of the official Kennedy-for-President machine is a sunlit ten-room suite on the fifth floor of the air-conditioned Esso Building in Washington, occupied by six men and ten girls who there join three members of the Kennedy family (two brothers, one brother-in-law). Some have been with Kennedy from his first Congressional campaign in Boston in 1946, their careers absorbed in his for fourteen years. Others are new, like the ebullient Pierre Salinger, his press chief, whose exuberant charm contrasts sharply with the dour countenances Kennedy has brought with him from his Boston past. These people do his housekeeping, arrange his press conferences, release his statements, arrange the travels of the candidate and his guests in the candidate's luxurious Convair. Shrewdly, Kennedy has arranged

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the endless road

He was pursued by an enemy he couldn't see.

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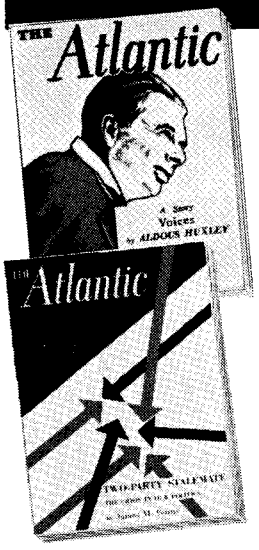

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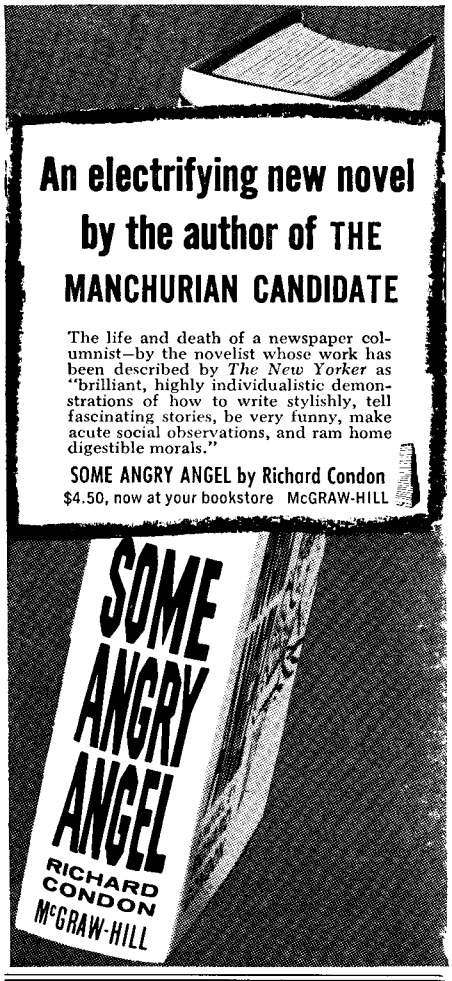
that his vital energies not be consumed by the exhausting detail of preconvention drudgery which so sapped the strength of Stevenson and Kefauver in 1956. The service personnel of the Esso Building are a White House staff in embryo. But, apart from Salinger and brother Robert Kennedy, they are functionaries, not policy-makers.

Policy is made elsewhere—a half-mile away in Kennedy's Senate chambers on Capitol Hill. Here ideas and positions on national policy filter up through a net of semi-anonymous researchers who report to Kennedy's alter-ego, Ted Sorenson. And Sorenson is worth pausing at, for Sorenson is quality. A lean, abstemious thinker who combines for Kennedy the functions Louis Howe and Sam Rosenman performed for Roosevelt, Sorenson has for sixteen years had the Kennedy career as his horizon of ambitions. The luster of such campaign masterworks as Kennedy's National Press Club speech on the Presidency came from the pen of Sorenson, a gifted and eloquent writer.

Outside Washington, meticulously organized and command-perfect, a far larger number of people feed smoothly through their appointed channels in each area of American influence and power to these twin capping headquarters. And in each area quality is the mark of service. From New England come ideas coined by the finest minds of academe; at Harvard and MIT a campus elite of brilliant professional talent forms an advisory committee surveying the far horizon of American moods and problems. From Las Vegas and Hollywood comes a jazz touch, Sinatra himself warbling the campaign songs. In New York, from the Empire State Building, one of the vintage firms of American public opinion analysts, Louis Harris Associates, directs the constant and expensive sifting of American mood so necessary for the engineering of consent.

Practical politics are organized with the same efficiency. One full-time regional operative works in each of the six states where Kennedy plans a primary fight, reporting to a specifically deputized, responsible individual in Washington. In the Midwest, a super-regional chief has been appointed—a battle-scarred veteran of the Stevenson wars, the portly Hy Raskin, peerless shepherd of convention delegates. In downtown New York, father Joseph P. Kennedy deals with the delegate brokers of northern New Jersey and New York City's outer boroughs. Like everything else in the Kennedy operation, organization here is book-perfect, peaking to its own chief of staff, John Bailey, the boss of Connecticut. Bailey holds New England's 114 delegates safe in his pocket, and his raiding of upstate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New York for more has been a little classic of hard politics; it already confronts Tammany's confused leaders with the alternates of complete capitulation or leading a ferociously split, hence caningless, New York delegation to the Los Angeles convention.

• • •

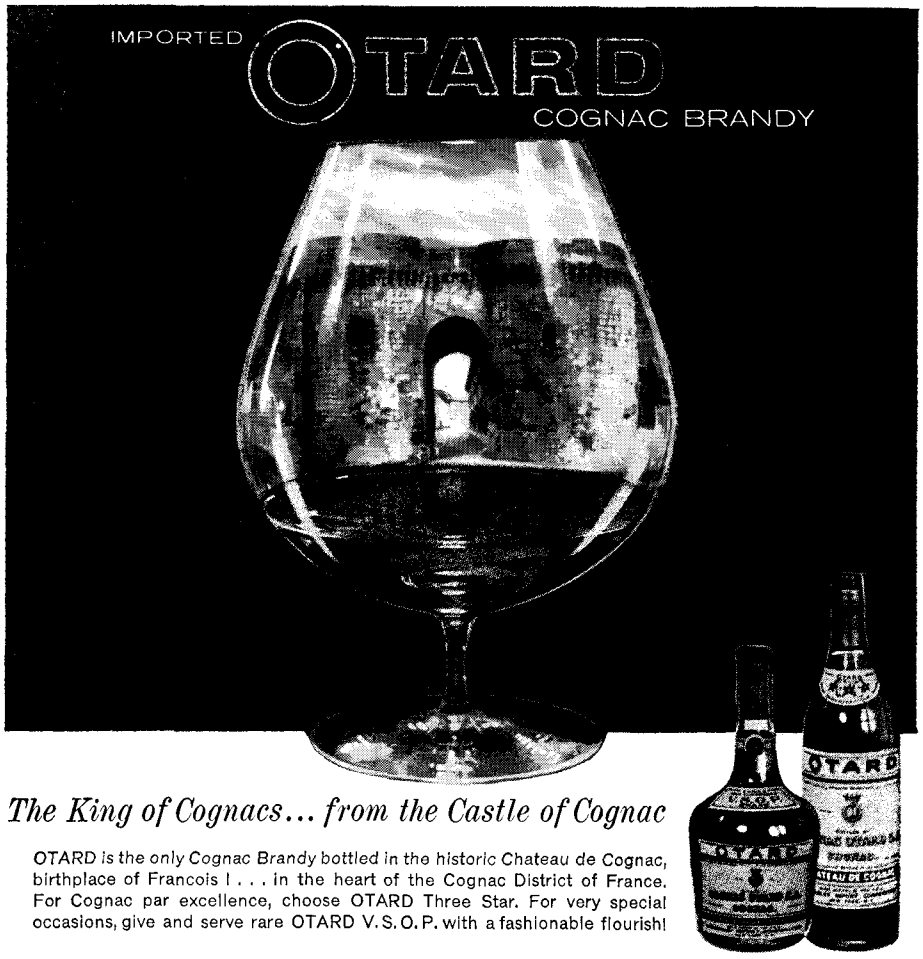
All this organization marches to the style of its leader. Bailey and Salinger, Raskin and the Harvard professors, Lou Harris and the service functionaries, can advise. But decisions are made by Kennedy alone, impaneled with his two inner-circle alter-egos, brother Robert Kennedy and thinker Ted Sorenson; and these decisions set the pace and style of his campaign.

The pace is swift, well-timed, relentless. In almost perpetual motion, Kennedy provides by his travels from coast to coast a never-ending cascade of news stories and headlines that make him seem omnipresent.

And it is the illusion of omnipresence and omnipotence that Kennedy consciously seeks to create. To win as a Catholic, Kennedy must overturn American political tradition—and he intends no less than this.

He can brook no neutrals, leave no weaknesses of uncertainty. When he speaks theoretically of the "strong" presidency, he talks from the inner personality, not simply from the speech-writer's text. He leads; others must be compelled to follow. It was he who moved his campaign into the Wisconsin primary over the reluctance of most of his staff to challenge Hubert Humphrey so close to home ground. It was he, personally, who put the iron to Ohio's Governor Mike DiSalle at a private meeting at the Pittsburgh airport late this winter. No one else was present when Kennedy gave DiSalle the ultimatum to join him as a friend or be crushed in the open primary battle which Kennedy's private pollsakers assured him he could win. Where delegates can be acquired behind closed doors, from Queens to the Virgin Islands, Kennedy's deputies perform the transaction in silence. Where they must be taken in battle, battle is openly joined. Wherever power gathers or is shaped in American politics, there Kennedy seeks it.

"Jack," said one of his aides recently, "has the FDR instinct: when he gets into a fight, the instinct is to kill, not to wound. He wants to be President in the worst damned way. Being President is a tough business, not a pansy-waist business." And, if the business of becoming President is akin to the business of being President, the inner style of this campaign, not its outer eloquence, is the perspective Kennedy offers the voters.



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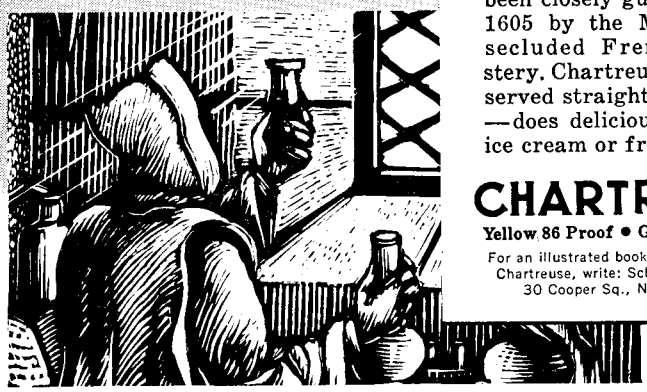

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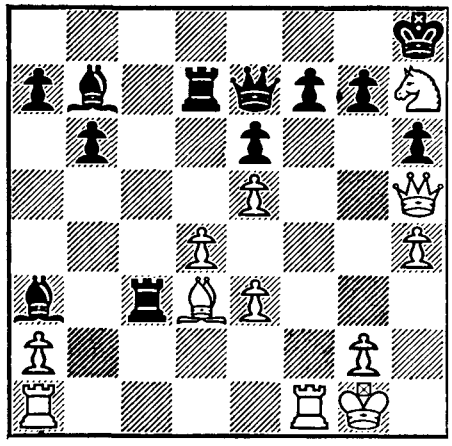
FOR the third successive time, sixteen-year-old Robert J. Fischer recently won the United States Championship Tournament. Without suffering a single defeat and with a score of 9-2, he topped Robert Byrne of Indiana (8-3) and Grandmaster Samuel Reshevsky (7½-3½) in a field of twelve. Cool calculation and perfect management of his time helped him amass points, while other contenders, ruffled by time pressure, often booted away the well-earned fruits of their efforts. Below is a wild set-to between champion and runner-up.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT

Robert Byrne White
Robert J. Fischer Black

1	P-Q4	N-KB3		13	B-K3	PxP	
2	P-QB4	P-K3		14	PXP	B-R6	
3	N-QB3	P-Q4		15	B-Q3	QR-B1	
4	PxP	NxP		16	P-K5!	N-N5	
5	N-B3	P-QB4		17	N-N5	P-KR3	
6	P-K3	N-QB3		18	B-R7ch	K-R1	
7	B-B4	NxN		19	Q-R5	N-Q4	
8	PxN	B-K2		20	B-Q3	Q-K2	
9	O-O	O-O		21	N-R7	NxB	
10	Q-K2	P-QN3		22	PxN	KR-Q1	
11	R-Q1	Q-B2		23	R-KB1	R-Q2	
12	P-K4	B-N2		24	P-R4!	R-B6	



25	N-N5!	RxB		28	NxQch	RxN	
26	RxP	R-Q7		29	QxR	BxP	
27	P-K4	QxR		30	R-K1	.....	

30 QxKP wins. In time pressure, White overrates the counter-attack.

30	.....	RxPch		36	K-Q3	R-N6ch	
31	K-B1	B-Q4		37	K-K2	R-N7ch	
32	R-K2	R-N5		38	K-K3	R-N6c	
33	R-QB2	K-R2		39	K-B2	R-N4	
34	P-R5	R-N4		40	K-K2	R-N7ch	
35	K-K2	R-N7ch			Drawn		

Fischer claimed a draw by threefold repetition of position.

—AL HOROWITZ.

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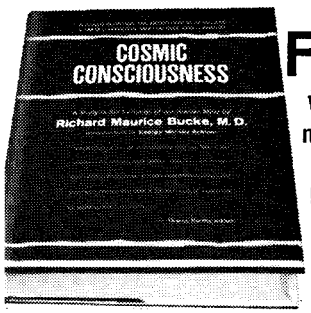

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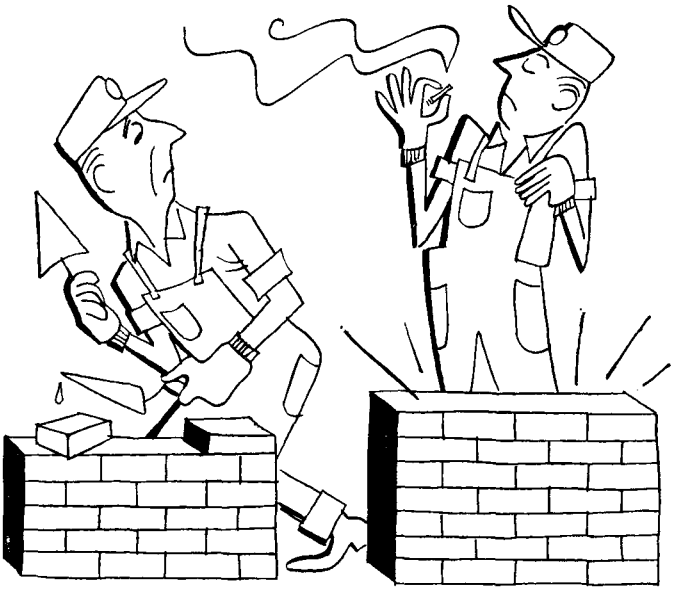
Saturday Review
MARCH 26, 1960

THE RETREAT FROM EXCELLENCE



By CLAUDE M. FUESS, *headmaster emeritus of Phillips Academy, Andover, Massachusetts.*

A WORRIED MOTHER recently called me by telephone to ask me to intervene for her son, who had failed to win a scholarship at a well-known private school.

"How did he do on his tests?" I asked.

"I don't know," she confessed plaintively. "But what difference does that make? He's a lot better than most boys who get scholarships!"

I tried to explain to her that this lad, in our democracy, could in due season marry and vote and run for office and qualify for social security, but that when he applied for financial aid at a school, he entered into a contest in which he had to match his brain power against that of others. But the mother just didn't understand that the mere fact of her son's existence doesn't make him the equal of anybody in competition.

Her attitude is a significant illustration of a pattern which is recognizable throughout our society. The pattern is simply that we are increasingly ignoring the important differences among people. In New England a school custodian (a modern euphemism for "janitor") often receives a higher salary than the teacher whose room he cleans. This has always seemed to me somewhat absurd, and once when I said so at a meeting a man rose and asked indignantly, "Why not? He works just as hard, doesn't he?" The prolonged and intensive training of a mathematics instructor seemed to this critic entirely irrelevant. After all, one citizen is as valuable as another!

We live in an age of the average, and even the average is not as high as it should or could be. I have spent some time in hospitals and know how reassuring it is to be attended by a physician who knows his business, who thinks and speaks and acts with the confidence acquired by thorough training. After you have been examined by a nurse who barely differentiates the patella from the esophagus, how cheering it is to come under the tender care of a professional who doesn't wield a hypodermic needle as if it were an ice pick. The current incompetence is due, I am told, largely to lack of competition. Nurses are needed so badly that hospitals take what they can get—and the "take" is often astonishing.

That one citizen is as good as another is a favorite American axiom, supposed to express the very essence of our Constitution and way of life. But just what do we mean when we utter that platitude? One surgeon is not as good as another. One plumber is not as good as another. We soon become aware of this when we require the attention of either. Yet in political and economic matters we appear to have reached a point where knowledge and specialized training count for very little. A newspaper reporter is sent out on the street to collect the views of various passers-by on such a question as "Should the United States defend Formosa?" The answer of the bar-fly who doesn't even know where the island is located, or that it is an island, is quoted in the next edition just as solemnly as that of the college teacher of history. With the basic tenets of democracy—that all men are born free and equal and are entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—no decent American can possibly take issue. But that the opinion of one citizen on a technical subject is just as authoritative as that of another is manifestly absurd. And to accept the opinions of all comers as having the same value is surely to encourage a cult of mediocrity.

Recent prognostications for the 1960s over radio and television, and even in legislative halls, have been preponderantly optimistic. The orthodox American mood today is confident and complacent. Very little mention has been made of significant changes which, whether we approve of them or not, have taken place since the close of World War I, and which have had and are having far-reaching consequences. The current tendency to reduce everybody to the same level is illustrated not only in the broad results of our taxation policies but also in such matters as the adjustment of the school curriculum to the abilities of the average or below-average pupils. Having moved almost unconsciously to-

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ward achieving the greatest good for the greatest number, we have neglected that small group of potential leaders through whom human happiness has in the past been attainable and attained.

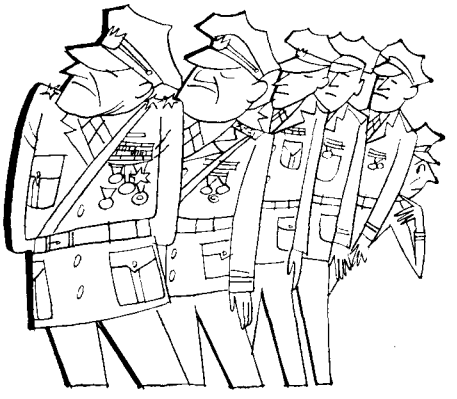
THE prevalence of a cult of mediocrity is evident in many phases of our national economy. Out of many trends a few samples will prove this point. One of the more obvious is the system under which all workmen, regardless of skill or attitude, receive the same pay for the same job. Under the existing policy nobody has any incentive for toiling harder or longer or more effectively than his less aggressive neighbors. Everybody is familiar with union regulations forbidding a member to lay more than a specified number of bricks in an eight-hour day. Those who are able to lay more, and would like to lay more for more money, find themselves frustrated. I have argued this matter with labor leaders, who insist that it is more important to protect the normal, or below-normal, workman than to encourage the exceptionally eager one. It should be possible to do both. The present tendency, however, is to eliminate competition among employees and thus to restrain the ambitious laborer. Clearly this policy does not, indeed cannot, stimulate increased production. The principle of "leveling down" is here perfectly illustrated in one of its worst aspects.

The widespread acceptance in our country of the doctrine of promotion by seniority alone has had much the same consequences. Let me illustrate what often happens in education. A teacher of average ability, once appointed to a school or college staff, can be sure of moving up automatically as retirement or death removes his older colleagues; and because of this guarantee, ambition frequently ebbs away. The amount of dead wood among faculty members of forty-five or older is considerable, as any honest dean will testify. Yet to advance a younger but much abler associate ahead of one of these comfortably situated elder professors is virtually an impossibility unless the old-timer strays from the marital fold or becomes a Communist suspect—which he is unlikely to do. Again I am aware that the existing system has its staunch defenders, and it unquestionably does favor some entirely respectable men and women. But of its contribution to the lowering of quality there can be little doubt.

The forces promoting mediocrity in our schools are too well known to require extensive documentation. The Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, summarizing some of the problems created by these forces, says:

> Very large numbers of superior students are still not working up to their capacity, not being challenged to their best performance, not pursuing the hard intellectual programs which will develop their talents.

George F. Kennan, writing as a historian observing current events, refers scathingly to an educational system in which "quality has been extensively sacrified to quantity." In a majority of secondary schools, the emphasis is not primarily on scholastic attainment; the vacations are too long, the standards are too low, and too much emphasis is placed on games. Parenthetically, it may be observed that athletics are *not* mediocre—at least not in the United States.



Nor is this deadening effect confined to educational areas. *Look* magazine, in an article entitled "Our Military Manpower Scandal," quotes the Cordiner Committee as saying that the army has "no adequate incentive system." It adds, "There is no extra pay for doing your job well." One officer, who left the Air Force to enter business, said, "Those people were ahead of me and were going to stay ahead of me. This kills aggressiveness in a young officer." It has been suggested as a basic reform that the armed forces should break with the traditional promotion system, so that the best men could advance more rapidly.

Perhaps recognition of the philosophy underlying such practices has already damaged the competitive spirit of young Americans. College graduates entering business are reported to be more interested in security than in competition. The inclination to "take a chance" or indulge in a "calculated risk" is said to be not so prevalent as it was in our pioneer days. Recently I spent an afternoon with the chairman of one of the most enterprising manufacturing companies in America. He was lamenting that on his team, as he called it, he could discover few with the originality and resourcefulness required for dynamic leadership. We have, he said, dozens of fine-looking, well-groomed fellows for routine assignments. What he wanted was a few restless men with imagination, ready to break loose from conventional procedure and move into untried fields. Desire for security and mediocrity belong together.

Even in politics specialized knowledge is far from obligatory. Where I live, aspirants for office stress the fact that they are good family men, with a covey of children, as if demonstrated fecundity made them better lawmakers. In certain instances candidates are actually hampered by an acquaintance with history or economics. And if the results of elections seem to offer an advantage to mediocrity, whose fault is it? A considerable proportion of voters is prepared to accept garrulity, back-slapping, vague enthusiasm, and expressed good intentions as substitutes for talent.

As a practical asset, demonstrated skill is unimportant when community appointments are concerned. Recently in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the issue of veterans' preference for public school teachers was vigorously debated. The heads of local veterans' organizations argued that any former serviceman, no matter what grades he had received on his qualification tests, should be given an appointment ahead of non-servicemen who had passed with higher marks. The commander of the local American Legion post was quoted as asking, "What difference do a few points on an examination make anyhow?" The assumption was that virtually anybody could teach school. Perhaps this feeling is responsible for some of our present difficulties in education.

Much the same criticism may be made of the policy of giving "home town" applicants preference for salaried jobs, no matter what their ability. In this case, as in many others, some attribute other than professional excellence is used for the decision.

The American distrust of cleverness or quickness of mind, or indeed of conspicuous intellectual ability, has been noted by foreign observers. A young Korean, a graduate student at Harvard, wrote recently in the *Christian Science Monitor* some candid comments on the United States, in which he said:

> The American people want their President to be one of them. They would like to elect to the Presidency a man like themselves. They do not want the President to be the "great leader," "hero," or "superman," whose vision, outlook, and philosophy are

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remote from theirs. Instead they want their President's tastes, outlook, and philosophy to be similar to theirs.

It is significant that the number of first-rate statesmen in the United States of the post-Revolutionary period, when the country had a population of not much over three million, was greater than it is today when we have 180,000,000. One of the reasons, perhaps, is that our generation has reversed the pattern and established a cult, not of genius but of mediocrity, by its approval of conformity and orthodoxy and the kindred colorless virtues which keep a social organism static. Various observers deplore the growing tendency to distrust those who are different, those who deviate in their thinking or writing or behavior from what we have been taught to consider normal. Uniformity of ideas seems to be regarded as a protection against the dangers of

so-called radical thought. Although we concede that, in theory, heterogeneity is essential to progress, we give it little encouragement in our own vicinity.

Let me call new witnesses. Arthur E. Fetridge, predicting the course television will take during the coming year, says, "I may be wrong, but certainly all the signs point to mediocrity and more mediocrity. The more commonplace a presentation the more people watch it. . . . The masses say they want mediocrity, and until the sponsor says he won't give it to them any more but instead forces them to accept something far better, mediocrity is what we are going to get."

In his latest book, "The American Conscience," Roger Burlingame has summed all this up in one succinct paragraph:

> We are prosperous. We are complacent. Religion has become, for the most part, a social convention. . . . Skill is anonymous, thought is under pressure to conform, security has replaced venture as a dominant aim, intellect is in the discard, and politics are dictated by . . . mediocrity.

Fortunately, despite Mr. Burlingame's well-justified pessimism, some signs of a revolt are evident, epecially in education. Thomas Jefferson, whose democracy cannot well be questioned, deliberately advocated an educational policy in Virginia which would gradually eliminate the unfit and open the way to brilliant students. Public inertia kept his program from being put into operation, but today even hard-boiled, thrifty taxpayers are advocating the early identification of talented boys and girls, and their proper training on their way through school, college, and university. We have at last become fearful that the Soviets are producing more competent experts, particularly in the fields of science and modern languages, and fear may do for us what prosperity has been unable to accomplish. To meet this sudden challenge from a "barbaric" country we have already in some degree begun to sort out the young, using native aptitude as one of the criteria, and we are offering these gifted boys and girls the opportunity of going as far and as fast as they can. Everybody should have a fair chance, and the ablest should win.

AGAINST this program for developing excellence are allied several evil forces: the sinister operations of politicians who thrive on public ignorance; the corrupting power of the press through its appeals to mass psychology; the decline of the pioneer spirit; the general relaxation of people seeking a fast and often a criminal buck; and the enervating influence of widespread luxury. These are no new phenomena in a democracy, but they have been spreading farther and reaching deeper in our times than in any American period with which I am familiar. And their combined effect is to promote the commonplace, the average, and the mediocre.

It can be argued that the United States and the Soviet Union, without either intent or realization, have been exchanging national philosophies. In our insistence that all men and women engaged in the same jobs should be compensated in the same amount, regardless of activity or quantity and quality of production, we have been moving toward the fundamental principles of Marxism. The Russians, on the other hand, convinced that exceptional energy and ability are national assets and should therefore be well rewarded, have adopted some of the stimulating practices associated with the capitalistic system. If they find a brilliant scientist, they apparently offer him unusual opportunities and privileges; and they now pay gifted writers, musicians, and even teachers, salaries

which make their positions worth competing for. Richard L. Strout has reported that in the Soviet Union a university professor may receive from $35,000 to $50,000 at the current rate of exchange. He adds significantly, "Anybody who sees the sputnik as an isolated phenomenon is shortsighted. It is not a race between sputniks but a race between schools."

One truth is almost self-evident. Widespread mediocrity in key places, in business or education and even in the armed forces, can be deadening even destructive, to any country. For Americans it is at the moment vital to provide a cultural climate in which exceptionally high intelligence is detected and subsidized accordingly. So much that is good is going on in these United States, and a small number of dedicated people are doing so much on so many levels, that our mass degeneration seems pitiful. Possibly we have been anesthetized by material prosperity and lack the vigor to move into action. Perhaps we should put up a sign "Wanted: A Satirist" and hope for his energizing appearance. But somehow our national leadership in religion, in education, and in statecraft should rise to the occasion and counteract the blight which mediocrity has been casting over our boasted culture.

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During the Blitz, Writers Wrote

By Granville Hicks

JOHN LEHMANN'S "I Am My Brother" (Reynal, $5) is the second volume of his autobiography and an important document in the intellectual history of England. In "The Whispering Gallery" he told of his association with Virginia and Leonard Woolf in the Hogarth Press and of his founding of "New Writing," and described the literary atmosphere of the Thirties. In the new volume he deals with the offspring of "New Writing"—"Penguin New Writing," "Folios of New Writing," and "New Writing and Daylight"—but the heart of the book is its account of literary life in wartime.

For English writers the autumn of 1939 brought not only the shock of war but also the need for a reconsideration of political issues. Most of the writers with whom Lehmann was associated had been members of the anti-Fascist front. Some were Communists and some were close fellow-travelers, while others were more or less critical of the Stalin regime, but almost all of them regarded the Soviet Union as a bulwark in the struggle against Fascism. The Soviet-Nazi Pact, the partition of Poland, and the war with Finland disillusioned all but a handful of fanatics, and, in England as in the United States, this disillusionment had large consequences. Lehmann maintains that there was no such drastic break between the Thirties and the Forties as is sometimes assumed, but at the same time he reports that he began to change his attitude on the whole relationship between politics and literature.

The declaration of war came almost as a relief, but then, after Poland had been overrun and the period of military inactivity had set in (the Phony War as it was sometimes called) bewilderment prevailed. Much emotion was generated by the Auden-Isherwood matter. Although, as Lehmann points out, the two poets had long before made their arrangements to go to the United States and become American citizens, they were harshly denounced as cowards and traitors. It was a kind of silly season. On the other hand, Lehmann shows, the unexpected breathing-spell gave British writers and especially editors and publishers an opportunity to adapt themselves to wartime conditions, and this enabled British literature to go on functioning after Hitler turned west.

To show the impact of the invasion of the Low Countries and the fall of France, Lehmann quotes from the journal he kept at the time. But, staggered as he was by disaster, he continued with his editorial duties, and this was equally true in the Blitz. His description of the Blitz is particularly effective, not because he gives a highly emotional account of England's sufferings but, on the contrary, because he shows the raids as interruptions of his job. His headquarters might be bombed out, but somehow or other he went on working.

Once the Blitz had ended, the literary people who were in or near London began to lead an extraordinarily active social life. Lehmann in his new quarters gave regular parties, and, lacking exact records, he describes "an imaginary but nevertheless imaginable party attended by some of those who at one time or another, though not necessarily the same time, did in fact accept my invitations." Graham Greene is there, and he and Cecil Day Lewis are full of stories about bureaucratic muddle. George Orwell and Louis MacNeice, both with BBC, have come. So has Stephen Spender, "looking taller than ever and quite improbable in his uniform." William Plomer, William Samson, and Raymond Mortimer are present. Cyril Connolly discusses with Lehmann *Horizon*'s paper problems. "At the other end of the room Elizabeth Bowen, smartly turned out as ever in spite of wartime restrictions, is discussing novels with Philip Toynbee, lately released from the Army." Nancy Mitford, Veronica Wedgwood, V. R. Pritchett, Rex Warner, and a good many others crowd the room, and later, at dinner, Lehmann sees Norman Douglas and Nancy Cunard.

EVEN if one allows for a degree of stylization, the account is astonishing. It illustrates perfectly C. P. Snow's observation that English literary life is rather like a club, to which any young writer is admitted once he has shown a certain degree of promise. One cannot imagine such a gathering taking place in New York in time of peace, much less in time of war. For one thing, of course, it's doubtful whether so many writers would be in New York at any one time, but even if they were, you would never have so diverse a gathering, so many schools represented, such variations in prestige, such differences in age.

Lehmann makes it clear that he was one of those (there must have been many) who worked to bring about this organization of the literary life. Not only did he have his friends in regularly for drinks; he made an effort to keep in touch with those who were scattered hither and yon. If they came to London, he saw them. Meanwhile he wrote them, as he wrote to John Betjeman, Robert Graves, Edwin Muir, Christopher Isherwood, Roy Fuller, John Sommerfeld, and a large number of younger men unknown in America.

AS HE goes on with the chronicle, Lehmann talks about a variety of topics, such as poetry in the Forties and literature under the Soviets. Foreign visitors began to arrive in London—Louis Aragon, for instance, and Edmund Wilson, who was found to be "just like a business executive." Wystan Auden appeared, "complete with new American officer's uniform and new American accent." V-E Day came, and then Hiroshima. "The explosion of the atom bomb over Japan has made me feel physically sick for two or three days." After V-J Day, Lehmann went to France, where he saw Gide and Malraux and began to re-establish the European contacts that had been so important to him before 1939. The publishing business seemed more difficult than ever in postwar England, but the volume ends with a promise of bright days to come—and surely another book.

"I Am My Brother" is a combination of autobiography and history, and the ingredients are not perfectly blended, for one feels that there is either too much or too little of the purely personal. The book remains, however, as I began by saying, an important document. The American reader may get the impression that English literary life is almost too clubby, too narrowly dominated by a set of good companions, and yet, if he is a literary man, he is bound to feel some envy. After all, it is nice to belong to a club, especially a club of stimulating fellow-professionals. Moreover, it seems clear that the highly organized condition of British literary society had a great deal to do with the vigor of British literature during the war. Even when he was on duty in some faraway part of the world, the English writer must still have felt that he was part of a going concern, for there was always someone like John Lehmann to ask him what he was writing and to tell him what the other fellows were up to.

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SR Polls the Nation's Press for 1959's Best

PREVIOUSLY, winners of the annual National Book Awards have been known (and leaked in newspaper columns) well in advance of the formal announcements. This year, however, probably even the judges are still in the dark as of this writing, for they were scheduled to vote but three days before presentation of honors on March 23rd. The customary dispute with the selections has thus been neatly curtailed, and the question postponed as to whether the titles chosen are indeed the "most distinguished" fiction, nonfiction, and poetry published in 1959.

Curious to know how the daily and weekly newspaper book critics would vote were they on the NBA panel, *SR* has conducted a poll of its own. It was a "tough decision," wrote Lon Tinkle of the *Dallas News*, echoing a cross section of some forty respondents throughout the United States. One of them — Thorpe Menn of *The Kansas City* [Mo.] *Star*—exploded, "How in the devil would you, yourself, have answered your letter?" This because of the overwhelming difficulty in naming but one title in each category and in light of the qualifications that each nomination deserved: among them, whether or not the book was significant for Americans, whether titles should be chosen on the grounds of neglect (which some publishers feel should be a major consideration).

Nonfiction presented no real problem, with thirteen votes going to Richard Ellmann's "James Joyce" (Oxford); but Ernest Cady of *The Columbus* [Ohio] *Dispatch* voiced the opinion of many when he said, "American fiction, in my estimation, was pretty undistinguished last year. My selection represents not so much enthusiasm as the necessity for singling out something." Nevertheless eleven critics pulled levers for Allen Drury's "Advise and Consent" (Doubleday).

Poetry was the real stumper. In fact, there were so many abstentions that no title could be said to have won, although three votes each were cast for "Summer Knowledge," by Delmore Schwartz (Doubleday); "Poems in Praise," by Paul Engle (Random House), and "39 Poems," by John Ciardi (Rutgers).

As Margaret W. Reid of the *Wichita* [Tex.] *Daily Times* remarked, "Your request makes me see what the judges are up against." —R.G.

Footnotes on the Winners

—*George Tames.*

Allen Drury—Next a Broadway play, then a Preminger movie.

—*Dorothy S. Druzinsky.*

Richard Ellmann—In Dublin's Trinity College, his Joycean ardor surged.

ALLEN DRURY, the author of "Advise and Consent," is a Texas-born, California-bred ex-newspaperman. Until recently he covered the United States Senate as Washington reporter for *The New York Times*. Now that his novel has become a best-seller to the tune of 200,000 copies sold, Drury has resigned from his *Times* job, electing instead the more casual commitment as roving Washington correspondent for the *Reader's Digest*. Before becoming a *Times*man, Drury wrote for the *Washington Star* and the United Press. "Advise and Consent" is the product of these fifteen years of observing the Washington scene. Drury began his novel ten years ago, but abandoned it after two chapters. An enterprising Doubleday editor learned of the shelved manuscript and urged him to finish it. The rest is history. A play based on the book will open in Washington this fall prior to a Broadway debut and, sometime after that, Otto Preminger's movie adaptation, for which Drury will receive upwards of $150,000, will appear, Drury, a forty-year-old bachelor, is accepting this windfall of fame and fortune with equanimity. He has been spending his time on Florida's dune-edged Sanibel island at work on a second novel which has nothing to do with Washington.

RICHARD ELLMANN probably knows more about James Joyce than any man alive. His monumental study (842 pages), "James Joyce," has been called a "masterpiece of literary biography." Ellmann's enthusiasm for Joyce goes back to 1947, when, having received his Ph.D. from Yale, he went on to study for a B. Litt. degree from Dublin's Trinity College. There, in Joyce territory, his ardor for things Joycean surged. After his return to America, he taught English at Harvard and, since 1951, at Northwestern University, but his interest in Joyce continued unabated. "The Critical Writings of James Joyce" and Stanislaus Joyce's reminiscences, "My Brother's Keeper," were products of his astute editorship. In preparation for "James Joyce," Ellmann spent the past seven years avidly collecting Joyce lore. His literary pilgrimage followed a winding path from Dublin to Copenhagen, from Zurich to Trieste. Often his sleuthing culminated in such finds as the now elderly woman who inspired the characterization of the memorable Molly Bloom. Although critics have agreed that Ellmann has written a definitive biography, he is by no means through with Joyce. Ellmann still finds in the master's writings a depthless, yet unplumbed sea for scholarship.

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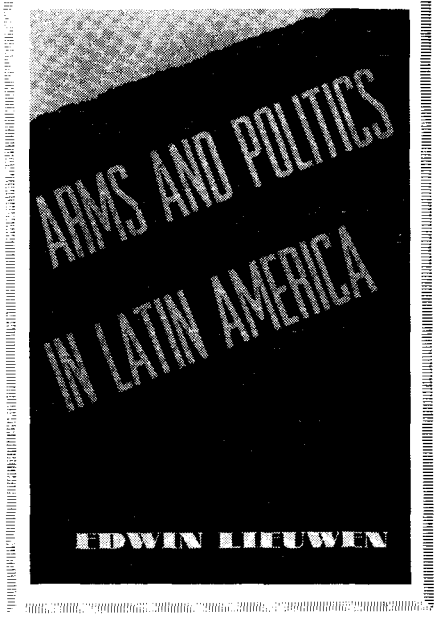
Book in the News



"Arms and Politics in Latin America," by Edwin Lieuwen *(Council on Foreign Relations-Praeger. 296 pp. $4.75), offers a hemispheric perspective on our neighborly relations. Among Carleton Beals's many books are "House in Mexico" and "The Coming Struggle for Latin America."*

By Carleton Beals

IN THE tradition of Edmund Burke (prior to 1789) and the best of the Federalist papers, Edwin Lieuwen's "Arms and Politics in Latin America" is political writing on the classical level: it has dignity, lucidity, integrity. Moreover, the author ties in his central theme—the curse of militarism which has so long corrupted the nations south—with basic economic, political, and social forces, so that his book provides a wide-lens picture of the evolution of Latin American society from independence days to the present, as well as of current United States policies (and mistakes), particularly in the military field.

It could not be more timely, not merely because of President Eisenhower's recent hoop-la trip, but because the revolt against useless costly armaments, which have no military significance in terms of hemisphere security, has reached high government levels, first in army-less Costa Rica, and now in Chile, where President Alessandri is demanding a New World disarmament conference.

Lieuwen quotes aptly from ex-President Eduardo Santos of Colombia:

> Against whom are we Latin Americans arming ourselves? Why are our countries ruining themselves buying armaments which in the event of international conflict would spell absolutely nothing [but are] juggernauts for the internal life of each country. Each country is being occupied by its own army . . . What we would defend against Communism would be our own freedoms; but if we have already been stripped of them, we have nothing left to defend. It is thus that the gateway for Communist invasion is thrown open by the anti-Communists.

"Hemisphere defense," dreamed up by the bright minds of the Pentagon, has put forty United States military missions into the countries to the south, yet it has no strategic or defensive importance whatever, concludes Lieuwen; hence it is sadly misdirected effort and waste. Most of the hardware toys we hand over are outmoded, useless except to keep down the people. When some clever Southern dictator demands the latest gadgets he goes elsewhere. No wonder such a policy promotes rather than curbs Communism.

However, Lieuwen staunchly denies that this is a colossal hoax; rather, it is an effort to mask aims that might not be so palatable to the peoples here or there. But it so happens that Latin Americans are less naive than the American public, and the groundswell of resentment is rising.

Let it be said at once that Lieuwen keeps to the lofty peaks of public policy; this is no pitchforking of manure. He does not look for payola or for carpetbaggism; he tells of no Lucullan brawls and banquets, such as occurred in the fine hotels and clubs of Ciudad Trujillo in the Dominican Republic recently when U.S. generals, admirals, and the Caribbean fleet rushed in at a time when revolt might have toppled the bloodthirsty regime. Nor is he concerned with the recent blatant revival of dollar diplomacy, let alone its many undercover workings, *e.g.*, oil in Bolivia, Argentina, and Brazil.

Lieuwen believes our less visible aims among others are: exclusion of the Soviet Union from economic and political participation, a guarantee that all strategic materials will reach the United States, an effort to influence local affairs and, above all, the desire to promote order and stability. But mere order and stability that do not provide freedom, decent living, education, health, or the bases for democracy represent myopia, a short-lived subterfuge that merely aids Communism and also makes the inevitable explosion worse. Thus we are short changing ourselves and the Latin Americans by our present military policy, so that even our more muted aims, to the extent that they are valid, are not being achieved; and, on top of that, by consorting chiefly with narrow, hated military cliques, reconverting them into political parties rather than bona fide national armies, and, swelling the military budgets of governments needing money for social purposes, we are progressively alienating the people.

We intrude on the scene at a revolutionary moment, enforcing the status quo, turning the clock back; for all our fine talk, obstructing or distorting the normal evolution of political and economic freedoms. Even were we sincere in our hands-off policy, the productive power and might of the United States would create tremendous difficulties. Thus on the short-range basis of the Cold War, as well as the longer view, we are promoting future catastrophes. Lieuwen fears that most of the countries may be projected into neutralism and some may even seek closer ties with the USSR, not out of love for Communism but because of our blindness.

These conclusions (with reservations, and Lieuwen makes every possible reservation, for he is a master of understatement) seem fairly sound. Furthermore, solutions are not going to be easy. If we feel that we must control all strategic materials (a clause in the mutual security pacts which has caused some eight nations to balk and which has already been ignored in most of the other twelve) we must be prepared to buy all Cuba's sugar, Brazil's coffee, Uruguay's wool, Argentina's wheat, meat, and wool, Chile's copper, etc. In fact, Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, and Chile have already made far more extensive deals with the USSR than Cuba has regarding sugar. But to make such tremendous commitments would break our backs, and it is doubtful that the Latin American countries would be happy with such an exclusive monopoly.

The sad fact is, though we talk a great deal about hemisphere solidarity, we lack a hemisphere outlook. This Lieuwen has. He makes few concessions to our ultranationalism and provincial Alice-in-Wonderland delusions. He sees clearly that our hemisphere strength lies not in false military gestures or secret maneuvers with the villains, or in seeking raw materials in a way that retards or distorts the various national economies, but in the development of hardy, diversified economies, of strong nonmilitary institutions, and healthy, literate people. We must welcome social change even if violent, not obstruct it or fear it because of our fear of Communism.

This summary merely hints at the full-bodied richness of Lieuwen's book. It is one of the most important publications about Latin America ever written.

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FICTION

By an Act of Will, a Life Reborn

"From the Hand of the Hunter," by John Braine *(Houghton Mifflin. 277 pp. $3.75), written by the author of "Room at the Top," tells of a young, tubercular Englishman who blames the fates for his misfortunes. Harvey Swados, a literary critic and novelist wrote "False Coin."*

By Harvey Swados

JOHN BRAINE is known to American readers as the author of "Room at the Top," an account of the betrayals of a success-hungry young Englishman. He was particularly well served in the current movie version, highlighted by the performances of Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret.

Now, in his second novel, Mr. Braine writes of the spiritual pilgrimage of another young Englishman, Dick Corvey, a shopkeeper's son who is afflicted with tuberculosis just when he has returned from service in World War II, won his girl, and begun to settle down. Mr. Braine chooses to recount Dick's story from his hospital bed, so to speak, and to disclose the real roots of Dick's difficulties. Turn by turn he introduces us to Dick's childhood games, stratagems, and daydreams; to his best pal, Tom Coverack; to his schooling, young manhood, early sexual encounters, and military experiences; and to his love for pretty Lois, who wants to marry him but is terrified of TB. All this is narrated in a series of flashbacks interwoven with Dick's present unhappy state in a way that (given the ordinariness of the subject matter) seems to me confusing.

Be that as it may, Dick Corvey's situation is all too recognizable. Lying on his bed of pain, he feels very sorry for himself for what would seem to be substantial reasons. His mother has died of cancer, his father is failing in business because of a new housing development, Lois has run out on him (apparently with none other than good old Tom), and even buxom nurse Evelyn Mallaton, for whom he acquires a yen during his months of confinement, decides that there can be no future with a weak-willed semi-invalid, and manages to become engaged to a gross but rising young executive.

John Braine—"Petulance is not enough."

It is Mr. Braine's contention however that Dick has no right to feel sorry for himself, that in fact he has brought a goodly number of his troubles on himself (not perhaps his mother's cancer, but possibly his own illness and probably his sexual misadventures) by a consistent indulgence in fatalistic self-pity. Ever since childhood Dick and Tom have posited the existence of "The Vodi" (apparently a species of demons, and the English title of the novel), who were always bringing misfortune upon them. It is only when through an act of will Dick can exorcise the Vodi, with the ardent cooperation of nurse Mallaton, that he conquers his tuberculosis.

Those who acclaimed "Room at the Top" as real evidence of an upsurge in English letters, and John Braine as one of the gifted leaders of this upsurge, are going to be terribly disappointed in "From the Hand of the Hunter." Those who have been somewhat more skeptical about that upsurge will be merely rueful about the inevitability with which the engines of publicity must grind to a stop. For this reader "Room at the Top" did indeed represent a break with the Woolf-Forster domination of the English fictional scene but, curiously, in that it seemed to evoke the shades of Bennett, Wells, and Galsworthy rather than to contain within itself the seeds of a truly new growth.

Now, in a book that is not actively bad, not a great failure, but simply a dullish story which might have been told by any of a number of moderately talented young novelists, Braine seems to have advanced beyond some of his compatriots to the recognition that petulance is not enough. Unfortunately, all that he puts forward in its stead are pluck and grit. These are admirable qualities, particularly in the welfare state, where it becomes easier to plod along without them; but the mere insistence on their importance does not constitute literature. It is Mr. Braine's tough luck that there should have appeared this same season another novel about a tubercular young Englishman, "The Rack," which, although clumsily written and including not one memorable character, is still infinitely more powerful than "From the Hand of the Hunter." But surely it is his own responsibility that Braine, in company with a number of his currently esteemed contemporaries, should still be concerned with matters no longer compelling to sophisticated readers.

Lobsters and Gin

By Charles Philbrick

WHY can't all people live like the live great man—
Live despite, great because—the kind man I met
This summer who's known all those people and places
And times, and spun out all those poems that pluck
At the sensitive ear, and those other dark songs
That anchor fast under the shift and flow of the slick
On the reading-full mind?
O other eldering men,
Why have you put away all those canaries, brought home,
—Accoladed, bifocalled and raised unto suburbs—the world's
Rancid bacon,
While Conrad Aiken
Can roll from his garden and quietly rollick.
Encouraging me? The answer is simple: we live on the fringes,
Desperately,
On lobsters and gin, and the thunder of unbuyable verse.

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Wanderers in Sunny Rome

"The Sirens Let Him Go," by David Demarest Lloyd (Bobbs-Merrill. 317 pp. $3.95), *and* ***"Between Then and Now," by Alba de Cespedes;*** *translated by Isabel Quigley* (*Houghton Mifflin. 160 pp. $3*), *describe Italian life during the earlier Fascist-flavored years. John H. Secondari, a commentator for the American Broadcasting Company, has lived in Italy, the scene of his novel "Coins in the Fountain."*

By John H. Secondari

IT IS disconcerting to discover that times one would like to think of as still recent already have become the source material of historical novels. "The Sirens Let Him Go" makes no pretense of being an historical novel, yet it presents a world which is definitely dated by once-upon-a-time, dealing as it does with the very private happenings of a handful of American expatriates in Mussolini's Italy. Mr. Lloyd's book is not a fable, but it does have that quality of unrealism which one inevitably links to events and actions of improbable reality. It is difficult to determine if in the case of this novel this unreality is due to the now historical flavor of the Fascist era, or whether it derives exclusively from the aimless wanderings and actions of the author's improbable collection of characters.

From beginning until the end, one wonders to what point Mr. Lloyd is going to direct us with his truly excellent use of language and his sensitive descriptions, and it is with disappointment that one eventually concludes that, well-turned phrases apart, no one is going anywhere: not the young American on an Italian visit who is mistaken for a fat cat; not the American-born Italian noblewoman in dire need of money; not the Italian playwright in highly original refuge from the Fascists; nor even the rapacious creatures who hover about them all. In fact, the only character seemingly with any inkling of what has to be done is a Roman tart, whose problems, it must be admitted, are elemental and subject to direct solution.

The remainder of the cast exist, but they do not live; they move, but they do not act; they gesture, but their feelings never reach beyond the printed word.

Possibly "Between Then and Now" is a better historical piece than "The Sirens Let Him Go": at least it is better journalism. Briefly (only 160 sparsely printed pages) it sets out to summarize and synthesize a woman's basically unhappy and frustrated life within the parentheses of a serving maid's giving notice, and her cautious announcement that she would like to return to her employer: namely a full life's review from the inception of an emotional trauma, to the character's adjustment to it, with the perhaps cynical, perhaps merciful footnote that the adjustment was not needed, at least might have been delayed, after all.

Unfortunately, to this reader's mind, the trauma was not great enough to cause so great a soul searching, especially when the search reveals so barren a territory. Alba de Cespedes, one of Italy's most popular women journalists, writes well. It is not her style, but her subject matter which leaves one unimpressed. Writing in the first person, she tells of the main character's years of young womanhood, lived during a war, and in a country which not only was a main battlefield, but found itself simultaneously fighting on both sides; she speaks of at least two love affairs and one broken engagement, and one wonders that so many currents of history, drama, and mankind brought to bear on one person could have resulted in so little feeling, understanding, or compassion. In this "Between Then and Now" has the aroma of the Deux Magots, the Paris school of this-is-how-we-are-how-did-we-get-this-way.

When the reader reflects that this novel was written in sunny Rome, city of immemorial life and loud and vigorous living, he cannot but conclude that it may have been written in the wrong place, at the wrong time, and in the wrong original language.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

FARTHINGALES AND FURBELOWS

Below at the right are the titles of 22 books (novels, autobiographies, others) concerned wholly or largely with the fashion and merchandizing world. At the left are the scrambled names of the authors. Helene Nitzsche of Maquoketa, Iowa, asks you to assign the correct books to the correct authors. Answers on page 30.

1. Lilly Daché	( )	"I Can Get It for You Wholesale"
2. Célia Bertin	( )	"Give the Lady What She Wants"
3. Martin Abzug	( )	"Talking Through My Hats"
4. Cecil Beaton	( )	"Bergdorf's on the Plaza"
5. Mabel Seeley	( )	"And the Price Is Right"
6. Murray Sices	( )	"Dressmakers of France"
7. Howard Greer	( )	"Gump's Treasure Trade"
8. Alexandra Orme	( )	"The Glass of Fashion"
9. Jerome Weidman	( )	"Seventh Avenue Story"
10. Booton Herndon	( )	"Neiman-Marcus, Texas"
11. Christian Dior	( )	"The Big Rock Candy"
12. Oscar Schisgall	( )	"Woman of Property"
13. Frank X. Tolbert	( )	"The Dress Doctor"
14. Anne Scott-James	( )	"Always in Vogue"
15. Dora Loues Miller	( )	"Paris à La Mode"
16. Elsa Schiaparelli	( )	"Designing Male"
17. Edna Woolman Chase	( )	"Seventh Avenue"
18. Carol Green Wilson	( )	"Paris Original"
19. Margaret Case Harriman	( )	"The Big Store"
20. Annabel and Edgar Johnson	( )	"Shocking Life"
21. Edith Head and Jan Ardmore	( )	"In the Mink"
22. Lloyd Wendt and Herman Kogan	( )	"Dior and I"

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THE WORLD

Story of a Successful Surrender

"Japan's American Interlude," by Kazuo Kawai *(University of Chicago Press. 257 pp. $5), is a bi-cultural scholar's eye-witness report on the U.S. Occupation in his country. Paul S. Dull, professor of history at the University of Oregon, is co-author of "The Tokyo Trials." Currently on sabbatical, he is writing a book about Japanese postwar politics.*

By Paul S. Dull

ALMOST fifteen years ago, victorious United Nations forces, headed by General Douglas MacArthur, began the occupation of Japan and initiated that quixotic, idealistic, and ethnocentric adventure of remaking Japan into a democracy, more than less in the image of the United States, through an "artificial revolution" of imposed reformation. It has been eight years since Japan regained independent control of her affairs. The story of what happened between 1945 and 1952 has often been told from a variety of sources, from scholars to the angry, frustrated men caught in the morass of the Occupation's military bureaucracy. (The categories were not necessarily mutually exclusive.) It was generally agreed, except by the outright sycophants, that most of the reforms would not be permanent, because many of them had been halted to permit Japan to become a strong nation again in Communist-threatened East Asia, and because the Japanese themselves would wipe out the major changes when they regained sovereign power.

However, during the ensuing eight years, we have witnessed a Japan that has not formally renounced the substance of the reforms, but a Japan that has seemed to have assimilated them, making them typically her own. Consequently, we have lacked several things before we could put even a tentative stamp of historical judgment upon this unprecedented experiment in remaking a nation. It was necessary for time to pass so that we could reexamine the permanence and nature of the changes wrought. We have needed to add the analysis of Japanese scholars to our fund of knowledge.

Kazuo Kawai's book is, thus, a particularly valuable contribution to our understanding of what happened in Japan from 1945 to 1952, what effect it has had upon post-1952 Japan, and why. The author possesses, for us, the happy combination of having lived through and participated in the events of the Occupation as a Japanese, of already being a trained scholar in the Western discipline of political science and most receptive to the influence of the additional disciplines of cultural anthropology and sociology, of possessing a critical yet urbane and temperate mind, and of being genuinely bi-cultural.

Professor Kawai does several things in his closely reasoned book. He first examines why the Japanese initially responded to defeat and occupation as they did—a matter of considerable surprise not only to the Americans but to the Japanese themselves. He finds the answer in the cultural anthropological concept of "situational ethics." The author goes on to analyze, with considerable unbiased acuity, the nature of the Occupation's personnel, goals, and operational methods. Next, he gives the historical background of the Japanese process of democratization. He then turns his attention to the major concern of the book—the analysis of the various fields of reform: the constitution, the emperor, political reorganization, the location of political power, the business structure, agriculture, labor, education, and mass communication. In doing so, he establishes the historical setting of each category, tells us what was attempted, how and why, and what the results have been. In his final chapter Professor Kawai assesses the reform program through the device of seeing it as a process of a social change already, in 1945, under way with some momentum:

> In contributing the stimulus, even if not the direct control or motivating power, for the most rapid and extensive period of such change, the Occupation exercised an influence on Japanese history which can hardly be exaggerated. In stimulating changes which, however modest, set Japan on vitally important steps in the direction of further democratic development, the Occupation for all its shortcomings must be judged on balance as a magnificent success.

This does not mean that Japan has become a carbon copy of American democracy; it does mean, in Japanese terms, that Japan is on the road to creating its own legitimate version of democracy. The conclusion that can be drawn is ironic: the Japanese made the reforms successful despite the manner in which the Occupation conceived and administered them. It took a bit of pragmatic ingenuity to pull off such a feat. Professor Kawai's book explains the perplexing problem of how the reforms, imposed for such a short time, could take root.

American Ways in Modern Japan

At the breakfast table, the Sunday papers.

—From "Japan: Intimate View" (A. S. Barnes).

A Japanese sandwichman advertises lanterns.

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The Prodding Problem of Peiping

"Communist China and Asia: Challenge to American Policy," by A. Doak Barnett *(Harper. 575 pp. $6.95), recommends changes in our dealings with Mao. David Nelson Rowe is professor of Political Science and director of Graduate Studies in International Relations at Yale.*

By David Nelson Rowe

A. DOAK BARNETT, formerly a member of the State Department and now an official of the Ford Foundation, was supported in preparing his volume by The Council on Foreign Relations, New York, which set up a special study group to work on it, including about a dozen present or erstwhile personnel of the Department of State. Of these, five were formerly and three are currently working on the Far East in State, and particularly in its Office of Chinese Affairs. Others include professors, military men, journalists, businessmen, and the president of the Rockefeller Foundation. The author acknowledges the help of all these persons, and others, but takes sole responsibility for the book. How much does he owe to their assistance?

The study itself is disappointing. There is much clear exposition, but there are also numerous internal contradictions. Moreover, there is a considerable tendency to use confusing formulas and undefined terms. The United States is urged to emphasize "flexibility" in its policies toward "Asia," but at the same time the "vague character of our commitments" toward the offshore islands in the Taiwan Strait is cited as a major danger of war by accident or miscalculation by both sides. We are urged to "maintain a strong nuclear capacity in Asia as a deterrent to major war," but at the same time to reduce our "present reliance" on nuclear weapons there by developing "more adequate conventional forces capable of coping effectively both with limited war situations and with ambiguous acts of indirect aggression." But we are also told that "even limited wars seem relatively unlikely at present in Asia," which seems only to confuse the entire picture.

The major policy recommendations of the Barnett volume hardly accord with the factual evidence adduced therein. Communist China is pictured as intent upon aggressive expansion, but we are advised to surrender the offshore islands to it, to trade with it except in "strategic goods," and to exchange recognition of Communist China for Mao's assurance that he will allow the Republic of China to remain secure in Taiwan. We are urged to agree to Red China's admission to the U.N. conditional upon its "purging itself of aggression in Korea" under requirements laid down by the U.N. This does not sound very much like the "intense and unrelenting competition" with Communist China that the author holds out to us as the prospect for the predictable future. It does sound very much like the maximum Communist China can expect its more sophisticated supporters in this country to advocate in the near future.

These policy recommendations seem a mixture of wishful thinking and unreality. The so-called "two Chinas" policy which they largely embody has already been decisively rejected in advance by both Mao Tse-tung and Chiang Kai-shek, and it is safe to say that our power of blackmail is insufficient to cause either to reconsider.

FREE SPIRIT ON SPANISH STEPS: Elizabeth Bowen, one of the most penetrating novelists of our time, has set her skills to work on an impression of Rome. The result is neither travel writing, nor history, nor romance, and yet it has something of each and a composite form of its own which is definitive and characteristic Bowen. **"A Time in Rome"** (Knopf, $4) is no light reading for the tired tourist, suitable for the deck chair or the overnight plane. It is the achievement of an artist whose creation must be studied and savored, reread and re-experienced, to be fully grasped. The reward for painstaking appreciation is rich.

There is an artlessness about the structure of this book which is deceptive. Like Rome itself, its design goes deeper, layer on layer, to recesses illuminated by the adventuring mind. On the surface, Elizabeth Bowen is simply wandering about the city, haphazardly it would seem, but with a purpose and direction discovered gradually. Her pace is slow. At moments you will feel impatient to get on with it. If you know something of Rome (and nobody has ever lived who knew all of it) you will disagree at times with her choice of topic, whether visible monument or ghostly presence. But before the day's or night's end she will have drawn you into her own private circle of enchantment. You will have shared with her the rare and priceless delight of finding something fresh and new in perhaps the most written-about city of them all.

She is in the center of Tourist Rome, just off the Via Condotti, a stone's throw from the Spanish Steps. How then can she make us feel, as she does, that it's all being observed for the first time, the beautiful with the drab, the dull with the sudden heart-lifting revelation? For Miss Bowen certainly does not spare us any of the ordinary, everyday detail she sees around her.

It is because, of course, her experience is all one. We are loitering with a free spirit, a novelist's spirit, that finds past in present, and present in everything. She creates her own route through the Forum, wanders the Aurelian Wall, sits upon the ground of the Palatine and tells sad stories of the death of Roman emperors. With her novelist's ear she can listen as well as she can look (*"Questa bella casa di sensazione in quale viviamo. . .,"* a phrase overheard in the limpid April air). But she is just as attentive to Rome's hideous modern noise. And how wonderfully she can provide the relief of a drive through the Campagna Romana: "Speed sublimates, melting repetitive advertisements . . . into fluid ribbons, also unweaving skylines, liquefying stoniness into lakes, powdering changing heights with more and more unattainable little towns like sun-splashes."

There is much in Elizabeth Bowen's Rome that, for the first time, is Elizabeth Bowen. She likes to think of Augustus's First Lady of the Roman Empire, Livia, as a very contemporary woman. "Her modish fluid outline"—seen in a statue in her painted room —"reminds me how favourably she would have looked on her city's great dress-designers." The Via Giulia leads her into the even greater glamour-epoch of Renaissance Rome, with a shrewd and smiling appraisal of Cellini which brings him more alive sometimes than he makes himself. The journey of St. Paul to seek justice from Caesar emerges in her hands like fascinating historical fiction.

Brilliant is the word for Elizabeth Bowen's personal history of Rome. In time, I think, it will come to stand with Stendhal and other classic interpretations by artists who have made the city their own. —NED CALMER.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 9, 22, 1, 10, 19, 15, 18, 4, 3, 13, 20, 5, 21, 17, 2, 7, 6, 8, 12, 16, 14, 11.

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Political Power at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue

1. Chosen by the Chief

By Bess Furman, *author of "White House Profile" and "Washington By-Line."*

JEFFERSON's characterization of the Presidency, concurred in by many a successor, provides the title for **"The Splendid Misery"** (Doubleday, $4.95). The book is one of those combinations of political philosophy, personal opinion, and pungent memoir most interesting during a campaign year. After extensive experience covering news where politics is hottest, the author, Jack Bell, seems more fascinated with political power *per se* than with the apparently overwhelming problems of the Presidency—which, however, he bravely attempts to help solve in his final chapter.

As power symbols in the Administration now drawing to a close, he rates both the late Senator Robert A. Taft and Minority Leader Lyndon Johnson above President Eisenhower. Of the Ohio Senator he says, "With all the confidence of a man dialing his own telephone number, Taft could provide matter-of-fact answers for every problem that arose." And of the Minority Leader, "The moderate-minded Johnson, as a matter of fact, often made Eisenhower look better in his relations with the legislative branch than the President had any right to do." Also, "More than any other politician, Johnson made it possible for Eisenhower to preserve the fiction he was a constitutional President as George Washington had been, rising above partisanship and the petty quarrels of the day."

From the press gallery on Capitol Hill, Bell considers what Congress does to the stature of strong and weak Presidents; he also pays his respects to what strong Presidents do to the stature of Congress. The author lists Jackson, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Truman as "chief executives who dominated or defied Congress." He credits Lincoln with pushing out the walls of the Presidency itself, Franklin D. Roosevelt with being able to get Congress to vote him even more powers than the Constitution allowed, and Truman with making without the help of Congress the decision to enter the Korean conflict. Winston Churchill is quoted as saying that Truman's courage in the Korean crisis "made him worthy in my estimation to be numbered among the greatest of American Presidents."

In addition, Jack Bell sorts out gems of power displays he has observed in political conventions and campaigns. For example, in forty-seven days, Wendell Willkie, "a rank outsider," wrested the nomination from the grasp of veteran Republicans, chiefly by creating pandemonium at "a convention peculiarly affected by noise." And, flying from New York to Los Angeles, Eleanor Roosevelt, at seventy-one, in a single day of stumping in the Negro wards, won the California primary for Adlai Stevenson—putting Estes Kefauver out of the running. The author also explains how Roosevelt's little dog Fala and Nixon's dog Checkers really and truly scored for their nimble-minded masters.

A LONG-TIME attendant at White House press conferences, Bell analyzes Presidential powers granted to, or taken over by trusted associates, such as Harry L. Hopkins and Colonel E. M. House. He reports that Sherman Adams, former assistant to President Eisenhower, "wielded power Presidents Roosevelt and Truman had been unwilling to yield to any subordinates," and that Press Secretary James Hagerty had "come to be regarded—rightly or wrongly—as a contributor in his own right to policy-making."

The author's concluding recommendation probably should be protected like the surprise ending of a motion picture. However, this reviewer prefers to tell all, in order to register a dissenting vote.

Mr. Bell puts it this way: "The Presidency of the future must tap the well springs of American intuition, energy and foresight. It must plumb the morality, vision and strength of those who people the land." In his opinion, the

(*Continued on page* 37)

FDR and Fala take a drive around Hyde Park.

—*Wide World.*

Nixon, his family, and Checkers relax in Washington home.

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The Future of Freedom

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Recently a group came together in New York City to pay tribute to Dr. James T. Shotwell in recognition of his eighty-sixth birthday and the publication of his new book, "The Long Way to Freedom." The following guest editorial is drawn from Dr. Shotwell's observations when called upon to speak.*

FREEDOM, not capitalism or Communism, is the supreme issue in the world today; yet the world is divided on what it means. To the unprivileged peoples—the majority of mankind—it means escape from tyranny or exploitation. But this is only its negative aspect. For the nations that have won their way to freedom, it is also responsibility, economic and social justice, and political security, a discipline as well as a privilege.

The only way that this ultimate aim of civilization can be assured is by a greatly increased understanding of the way of life of peoples of varied culture and outlook, and of what forces can be counted on, now or in the future, to bring them to a common goal. The long centuries of preparation from the ice age to our time are at last culminating in a conquest of time and space and the material world, which makes imperative an equal conquest of the mind of man, of the laggard but vital processes of civilization itself.

Freedom is reflected in the advance from superstition to religion, from tribalism and feudal anarchy to the rule of law in the national state.

This, of course, is not the perspective of history as the Communists see it. For them it has been one class struggle after another, all based on economics. The supreme need in the world today is the prevention of the exploitation of honest, decent people by those in positions of power or economic advantage and their oppression by the cunning or the strong. It is but natural that the Communists should attempt to solve this problem by resorting to force, for that is the way most revolutions have been carried through in the past. But the Communists would maintain their revolution by a continuing denial of individual freedom, by a tyranny designed to check or undo that long process of emancipation of intelligence so slowly and painfully gained in the process of the centuries.

Civilization is not a mechanism but a vital principle, or rather an embodiment of many varied principles of life, which have their roots in diverse soils and their expression in diverse cultures. It cannot flourish, it cannot even survive, if those in the seats of power deny it the fundamental freedoms of life itself. All history shows that tyranny must govern by bureaucracies, which in the end fasten their dead weight on society, stifling initiative and progress. The cause of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire was not the inruption of barbarians but the fact that from the days of Diocletian, the organizer of empire, it was ruled by bureaucracy and lost its vitality. Without straining the historical parallel too much, we can at least expect that what Djilas called "the new governing class" growing up within the Soviet empire will either hold it down to the routine of bureaucracy or, in course of time, yield to new forces in a changing world.

It seems likely, in my opinion, that the world of the future will be neither that of the doctrinaire Communist nor that of capitalism as it developed in the nineteenth century. The doctrines will remain for those interested in them; but, just as Catholicism and Protestantism, two of the most rigid doctrines in history, three centuries ago ceased their cold and hot wars under the impact of new interests and new conceptions of the world, so the present doctrinal dispute will change its nature in an ever changing world.

For the present, the horizon is obscured by both the immaturity of the new nations and the surging strength of Communism. The future assured for freedom, however, is an assertion of life itself. Its well-springs may be poisoned by disregard of the rights of others, they may erupt into crime or overflow into anarchy; but they can be and will be controlled. That was the lesson of the revolutions for freedom which ushered in the world of today. It is also that of the hidden force in that perverse faith in Communism which accepts tyranny in the name of human rights and freedom. The goal of full achievement will never be reached, however, by the mere assertion of ideals. Freedom must be clothed with authority and embodied in institutions dedicated to its sovereignty. But sovereignty in the world of science is not what it once was in the long eras of agricultural living. It is an interplay of interests, for that is the way people will be living from now until the end of time. The only prosperity, the only happiness for mankind, will be found in the interplay of human interests—in short in the application of the golden rule.

THIS, not Marxian ideology, is the regime of freedom. The national sovereignties which have had the right of war and peace are being forced by a greater sovereignty, that of science, to merge their interests and respect the rights of others. It is to safeguard those interests and rights that the City of Man raises its shining ramparts over the national state system which history prepared as the embodiment, imperfect but inspiring, of the aspirations of man for independence and freedom.

Civilization is just beginning to show the glory and nobility of man in a world in which freedom is another name for justice. It will be his task to the end of time to establish and maintain that world, so that freedom also becomes another name for history.

—JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ELIOT OR SHAPIRO?

In the little old church I attended as a child, there was one section where the older brethren and sisters sat. We called this section "the Amen Corner," for often one of the good brothers or sisters would loose a loud "Amen" when the pastor had made a particularly telling point against sin or Satan. I have just moved, figuratively, into that section of the church on reading Karl Shapiro's delightfully devastating account of T. S. Eliot [*SR*, Feb. 27]. I like my intellectualism salted with a few more down-to-earth Frostisms instead of the high-falutinisms of Eliot and company. Congratulations to Mr. Shapiro!

William C. Doster,
Chairman, English Department,
Oklahoma Baptist University.
Shawnee, Okla.

Perhaps with the publication of Mr. Shapiro's literate article the beginning of the end is in sight. The sterility and aridity characteristic of this whole era of Eliot-Pound-dominated poetry is finally pointed up; and perhaps living poetry can breath again. *SR* deserves much credit for publishing the article, which will make all the academicians in their obscure little cubby-holes squirm with impotent rage. Let us hope it makes them question their own position before they commence a furious counterattack.

It should be fun reading their venomous charges.

Lee Brian.
Eugene, Ore.

Karl Shapiro did a good job of evaluating T. S. Eliot. I, too, have felt the revulsion to this poetry that he speaks of, embarrassing as it is to hold such an unpopular opinion. When I ventured the premise (in a course called Great Modern Literature) that writing must be elevating and moral to be really great, the professor quickly pooh-poohed the idea.

Marilynn Struble.
Costa Mesa, Calif.

Having approached T. S. Eliot's poetry via Professor Shapiro's method (that is, by ignoring the critical writings) at a time when I was aware only of Mr. Eliot's poetic achievements, I was shocked to recall that not only did I enjoy his poetry, but I even understood parts of it. At sixteen!

Reading Mr. Shapiro's article, I attributed my stupendous lack of taste to my age and my inability to judge poetry properly. I therefore reread Mr. Eliot's poems.

Alas! Not only do I still enjoy the poetry, not only do I understand more, but I even find beauty in the despised "Four Quartets."

Paul Miller.
Barberton, O.

"If we could find some way of letting the humans know how gentle we are, maybe they'd stop shooting us."

CASE OF THE MISSING BY-LINE

Why an anonymous review of Alexander King's "May This House Be Safe from Tigers" [*SR*, Mar. 12]?

Georgia Emerson.
New York, N.Y.

Editor's note: *Al Morgan's by-line was inadvertently devoured by gremlins—from whom may* this *house be safer.*

A QUESTION OF VALUES

I was very interested in theatre critic Henry Hewes's review of "Caligula" [*SR*, Mar. 5]. For several years I have been an unrestrained admirer of Albert Camus, particularly since he seemed to me to accept a spiritual responsibility akin to that of Gandhi and Lincoln, and to possess intellectual integrity and decency. Consequently I was disturbed to read the poor notices his play was given by most critics. It just did not seem possible to me that a play so enthusiastically received on the other side of the Atlantic could be little more than a dismal excursion in gore. . . .

The easy flow and unpretentious elegance of Mr. Hewes's prose is deceptive. He does not need to parade sounding brass or blaring trumpets before his judgments, any more than does Bertrand Russell. Just as his final judgment of MacLeish's "J.B." gave that play its proper rating, so his review of "Caligula" offers the enlightenment which explains the adverse judgments of the other critics. . . . It is to be regretted that most critics do not have Mr. Hewes's understanding of, and appreciation for, the finer and perhaps more elusive values.

George V. Brown.
Lynn, Mass.

PAPERBACKS IN SCHOOL

Any time someone uses the words "first of its kind" he is likely to be proven wrong. I was greatly interested in the "Pick of the Paperbacks" section in *SR*'s February 13 issue. . . . You describe "the Buffalo Plan" for encouraging reading by high school students through providing "an array of selected paperbacks . . . as collateral classroom reading."

In 1938-39, when I was head of the English department at Pulaski High School, Milwaukee, I started a paperback collateral reading program that was pretty much like that described as the Buffalo plan.

I had an arrangement with the editor of Pocket Books to install a metal rack of selected Pocket Books in the central school bookstore. Principal J. C. Castleman and bookstore manager Harold Hoverson tolerated this radical notion. I was informed by the editor of Pocket Books that this was the first instance of planned school use of paperbacks for collateral reading, but perhaps there are unreported instances of earlier use of this device.

When I left Pulaski High School in 1941 the program was still in effect. I'm happy that wider school use of paperbacks is now finally recognized.

Charles A. Wedemeyer,
Director of Correspondence Study,
University of Wisconsin.
Madison, Wis.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

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LIKE OUR own Tennessee Williams, French playwright Jean Genet writes of people who, having become aware of strange desires, find themselves compelled to perform violent and socially unapproved acts. His most ambitious play, "**The Balcony**," currently on view in an abridged version at Circle-in-the-Square, might be said to begin with the question "Why does a man go to a brothel?" It then spirals upward through a related subject, "Why do we go to the theatre?" and finally asks, "Why are the forces of death and abstraction more powerful than the forces of life and reality?"

Genet's play is set in the House of Illusion, which has many studios. In each studio we see drab, ordinary men indulging their imaginations and their desires to prolong ecstasy and pain as long as possible. They are all moving toward immobility, whether it be the death of the body, of the real self, or simply the conclusion of the sexual impulse, which many find to be a simulation of dying.

We see men playing at being archbishops, judges, and generals. Each performs his rites of office in the presence of a prostitute who acts as a captive witness to his flights of ego and perversity. As in the theatre, it is also important here that in each case there be not only the "authentic detail" which gives a perfect illusion of the fantasy, but also the "fake detail" which reminds the client that he is, after all, involved in make-believe.

Outside the brothel a revolution is being fought, but it is doomed from the start because, while its impulse—the despising of make-believe and complacency—is real, it uses its newly acquired power to create symbols and becomes a reflection of the world it had set out to destroy. Genet goes a step further to suggest that any war, revolutionary or otherwise, is somehow more attractive than peace, because sharply defined camps and issues make performance more specific than they ever can be in the vagueness that goes with peace.

The key figure in "The Balcony" is the chief of police. In modern times, it is he who has the greatest power. Yet like all men of action, he is concerned about his fame. He is disturbed that no one who has come to the House of Illusion has asked to play his image. But after he has subverted the revolution to install the madam as queen and the fake archbishop, judge, and general as new figureheads, he is rewarded when one of the defeated leaders of the revolution comes to the brothel and asks to put on the costume of the chief of police. Because his motive for this is not glory but despair, the leader ends up by castrating himself. However, the chief, whose actual potency has remained intact, is satisfied and is now able to retire to a tomb and await the symbolic canonization that can only come with time.

It would be silly to pretend that this brief paraphrase of "The Balcony" is a remotely satisfactory substitute for exposure to the play itself. For Mr. Genet writes, as all poets should, out of his subconscious, and each of his scenes glows with allusion and irony. Director José Quintero, set designer David Hays, and costume designer Patricia Zipprodt have attempted to capture this glow and have worked through scabrous language and erotic situations with extraordinary taste and care. And while some of the characterizations tend to obscure the play's content, the cast, headed by Salome Gens, Arthur Malet, Nancy Marchand, Roy Poole, and Betty Miller, does perform the difficult roles with passion and without evading or slurring over any potentially embarrassing elements.

It must be admitted that Mr. Quintero's attempt to make "The Balcony" more cohesive by eliminating the scenes outside the brothel, and by softening Genet's sparks of humor, doesn't really succeed in arriving at a significant total shape. But for this he must be partially excused. First of all, it is probable that Genet himself has written an imperfectly structured play, as suggested by the fact that he has extensively revised it since its London premiere in 1957. Then, too, the intimate theatre-in-the-round form may not be ideal for a work that needs the objectivity of distance.

Nevertheless, this is a frequently beautiful and often fascinating production of the most profound and the most poetic play of the current theatre season. —HENRY HEWES.

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TV AND RADIO

"J. P."

IN THE WORLD of ersatz emotion, overflowing with the astute Barnum and Bailey of "This Is Your Life," one maverick with an onion eye recently shattered tradition by walking off his show before an audience of millions. A welter of sensational disclosures, speculation, high-sounding moral debate, bitter soul-searching washed across the United States. The man came back. The show went on.

The Jack Paar show began as an exercise in what Fred Allen bitterly called the show-up sub-division of show business. Very soon it became successful by destroying the conventions of the TV medium—of, for that matter, that which is called "entertainment."

Not that anybody had the time to dope it out, but what exactly did Paar do? What is he like?

Only a wife could know a man so well. The vast American public that followed the show night after night with unflagging fascination witnessed a valid kind of human experience that in other hands could have been a source of ineluctable damage. It was their great good fortune that the man under the skin was a more creditable image than most. No worse than any of them, in some crucial respects he was a good deal better.

It's hardly an accident that the ultimate in finesse, finagle, and manners is described as "playing it cool." Intensity is in bad taste and, with the disappearance of the soap box came the control of fervor, anger, deep feeling in all those places where issues could be examined and discussed in the open. "Face the Nation," "Meet the Press," news programs, special documentaries —the whole range of programming that could expose the American people to the world about them carefully eliminated the long-standing American tradition of vivid and strong reaction to matters strongly felt.

But Paar, confronted with Dooley and Laos, Hoffa and the United States, Batista secret police and the people of Cuba, Castro and the infinitely complex political, moral, and diplomatic issues of coping with a revolution, reacted with a pure, swift flow of human response.

And this has been his remarkable contribution—not high intellect, not profound insight, not scholarly understanding—but the simplest and most important contribution an everyman figure can make: the example of unhindered outrage.

Young Robert Kennedy, growing into a desperate maturity, joined with Paar on Tuesday Night, March 8, in a discovery of awesome significance. Legislation would not destroy Hoffa. The problem of the Teamsters Union was not a parochial problem in the constant contest between labor and management. In a moment of deepest emotion, Kennedy and Paar wondered about the moral fiber of the American people.

Large corporations, massive unions, important individuals countenanced, supported, participated in, aided, and abetted unprecedented corruption and criminality. Was the disease rampant? Had the people as a whole fallen prey to a comprehensive immorality? Both men, clearly shaken, could only fall back on an indefinite faith that this was not so.

This, extraordinary as it was, was seen and heard, participated in and lived through, by millions of people. How different from the cool, pristine, analytic tones of the rest of the communicators and their almost cynical exploitation of crisis and posturing over right and wrong. With a nod to Khrushchev, Kennedy and Paar came perilously close to suggesting that we may be burying ourselves.

Now—what about the press? Jack Gould could write in *The New York Times* that Paar had raised valid issues about editorial responsibility and fairness. But it may run even deeper. Paar began with no set position, no true understanding of the ease with which news could be mishandled. His journey of self-education was visible to all. He began with the gossip column and its application to his personal life. The printed word was not necessarily true. But then experience after experience, piling higher and higher, mounted.

IT HAS always been said that the truth never catches up with the original lie. Paar was naïve enough to give chase. It is only with Castro that the implications of this improvised night-school class in journalism came into focus. He and Jim Bishop, a trained newspaperman, were there. They saw, heard, witnessed, tried to understand, and returned to the United States to find radical distortion, inflammatory and

(*Continued on page 40*)

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Reiner, Monteux, Markevitch—Duval, Poulenc

THE NEW YORK Philharmonic has rarely sounded better in recent years than it did at its first outing under the direction of Fritz Reiner in Carnegie Hall. It has not sounded exactly this way since seventeen years ago, when (1943) this master craftsman was last heard as its conductor. Despite his uninterrupted presence in America (in Pittsburgh, at the Metropolitan, now in Chicago) the news apparently did not travel to Fifty-seventh Street, where contracts (as well as contacts) are arranged.

The new news of Reiner is very much the same as the old news. Like others of his colleagues, Reiner enjoys the honorary status of "Doctor," with the difference that, in his case, it means one who ministers to sick orchestras and makes them well. The Philharmonic is far from ailing, but Reiner's presence was unquestionably a tonic. With his precise sign language to stimulate attention and his meticulous ear to adjust the instrumental responses, his Kodaly, Bartok, and Brahms had a sound both bright and mellow, airy yet substantial. No instrument had to fight its neighbor in order to be heard, in fulfillment of a cardinal principle of orchestral leadership: take care of the sound of the weaker instruments and the stronger ones will take care of themselves.

I wouldn't say that this program exerted either conductor or orchestra, but it had its points. Kodaly's "Variations on a Magyar Folk Song" ("The Peacock Flew") was new to the Philharmonic's repertory, though it was performed in Philadelphia under the composer's direction shortly after the war. The song itself is brief, becoming a kind of undercurrent to the chain-like sequence of variations evolved from it. Thus the effect is determined not by one or another of the eight-measure sequences, but by the larger groupings. The beginning ones are broad and assertive; then there is a reflective group, proceeding to some fanciful elaborations. In one of them, near the end, the orchestra spreads its "tail feathers" (brilliant "markings" are provided by piccolo, English horn, percussion, etc.) in aural counterpart of the peacock itself. That Reiner made the work likable as well as impressive is testimony to the balanced presentation it enjoyed. The Bartok of the "Miraculous Mandarin" (presented in dance form at the City Center in 1951, a point ignored by the program notes) has some ear-gripping qualities and a shrewd sense of the macabre. Few men of our time know this idiom as well as Reiner, or apply themselves to it as productively.

Reiner's Brahms No. 2 was of an order of excellence that would command attention at any time, and it is increasingly a rarity today. Drawn on a large scale, it was marked by an attention to detail that suggested a tour through familiar terrain illuminated by a guide who knew every tree and stone intimately. When, lately, has a conductor dared to take the second theme of the first movement as broadly, or made it say as much? The coda, in which Brahms evokes the Schubertian spirit, was warmly turned, as low strings and high woodwinds sang joyously together. Not all the brass was on equally good behavior at the Friday performance, but it gave Reiner what he wanted in the finale—neither hurried nor overstated.

Whether 1875 was a good year for French wines, available records do not clarify; but it was a great year for French conductors, as Pierre Monteux reminded us at his latest appearance with the Philadelphia Orchestra. Within weeks of his eighty-fifth birthday, Monteux asserted a vigorous purposefulness that some colleagues unborn at his debut might cherish. Whether in the "Tragic" Overture of Brahms, Schubert's C major Symphony, or Hindemith's "Mathis der Maler," Monteux's way was the way of the music, neither more nor less. Doubtless Monteux has done his share of Hindemith, but this first encounter (for me) with the combination was a revealing one. Monteux took just as much of the famed Philadelphia color as suited Hindemith's impression of Mathias Grünewald's altarpiece at Colmar, touching in detail with brass and percussion. The performance had a blend of highlights and aural perspectives attesting to Monteux's ability to "focus" the orchestra's sound no less individually than Stokowski did a few weeks ago.

With Monteux before and Reiner after, the visiting Lamoureux Orchestra of Paris, under the direction of Igor Markevitch, was exposed physically to the kind of comparison that is customarily made only mentally. In its performances of Gounod (Symphony No. 2), Messiaen ("Hymne"), Ravel ("Daphnis et Chloe" Suite No. 2), and Berlioz ("Symphonie Fantastique"), the orchestra showed some virtues also characteristic of Markevitch—animation, musicality, a refinement of purpose that is characteristic of French schooling. But the familiar works were not sufficiently well performed to vitalize them anew, the unfamiliar ones not sufficiently stimulating to validate their choice. Messiaen's early (1932) work has a degree of curiosity interest, but not much else.

FRENCH artistry was more admirably employed in the joint appearance of Denise Duval and Francis Poulenc in Town Hall during the same week. If the musical world may rejoice that Poulenc continues to write as well as he has lately, the composer may be thankful that he has so talented, secure, and spirited an interpreter as Mme. Duval.

Having warmed up on Debussy ("Air de Lia"), Ravel (excerpts from "Shéherazade" and "L'Heure Espagnole), and Gounod ("Viens, les gazons sont verts" and the "Faust" airs for Marguerite), Mme. Duval made a lively and invigorating experience of half a dozen choice examples of Poulenc's art, including the "Trois Poèmes de Vilmorin" and an excerpt from "Les Mamelles de Tirésias." For a mere accompanist to rise and bow as often as Poulenc did might have been exhausting, but for a composer-accompanist each new burst of applause was contributory, eventually, to being airborne. In a time when composers are known by the systems they pursue rather than the results they achieve, it is refreshing to encounter a man who writes from impulse as well as calculation. Long may his ideas continue to flow.

As for Mme. Duval, she is an ingratiating adornment of the concert platform, as she must be of the opera stage. Slim, elegantly turned out, a past mistress of glance and gesture, she commands a bright voice of rather brittle quality—but she unquestionably commands it. Words and tone in the Poulenc sequence were practically indivisible, producing an interpretive totality that left very little to be desired. Whether it was the expressive "Au delà," the lilting "Air champêtre," or the intricate "Air de Thérèse," Mme. Duval was cleverly poised on just the right vocal foot for every step. Let us hope there will be a return "match," in which the Ravel-Debussy-Gounod warm-up will occur offstage, and only Poulenc will be heard on. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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White House

Continued from page 31

President "ought to have the assistance of a council of personal advisers who represent every walk of life." This council "would meet at least once each month, a session to which the President would devote his full day to hearing brief reports from all members who felt the need of saying something."

This reviewer replies that to make the President a prisoner for a day a month to the mental meanderings of a cross section of the country—picked on purpose or at random, haphazard or scientifically weighted, with or without crystal balls—would result in pandemonium rather than panacea; just another futile exercise in group dynamics—and a new summit to "The Splendid Misery."

2. *Symbols of Strength*

By W. H. Lawrence, *Washington correspondent for The New York Times.*

THE EXERCISE of Presidential powers by men not elected to the White House long has constituted one of the more fascinating and controversial elements of the American governmental system. In book-length terms, it seldom has been dealt with; but now in **"The Invisible Presidency: The Behind the Scenes Story of Seven Presidential Confidantes from Hamilton to Sherman Adams"** (Rinehart, $6.95) Louis W. Koenig, professor of Government at New York University, fills a part of the historical gap.

During modern times the three best-known Presidential assistants, wielding vast powers, have been Woodrow Wilson's Colonel Edwin M. House, Franklin D. Roosevelt's Harry L. Hopkins, and Dwight D. Eisenhower's Sherman Adams. Professor Koenig's volume sketches the lives and times of these men (and the personalities of the Presidents who shared their power with them), as well as four others who preceded them. George Washington had his Alexander Hamilton, Andrew Jackson his Martin Van Buren, Theodore Roosevelt his William Loeb, Jr., and FDR his Thomas G. Corcoran before Mr. Hopkins moved into the White House.

It is clear that the use of Presidential favorites to act for their chieftains is not a by-product entirely of the great growth of the nation and the increasing responsibilities of the Chief Executive as so many have believed: Alexander Hamilton had such great authority with the first President of the thirteen tiny colonies that Professor Koenig has subtitled the Hamilton chapter "Operation Genius."

Most contemporary readers, of course, will find their chief interest in the story of Sherman Adams and how he operated the White House until his usefulness was ended by a scandal dug up by a House investigating committee. Here the author is much rougher on President Eisenhower than he is on Governor Adams, and his blunt description of the former's unwillingness to act as President—long before the first heart attack of September, 1955—will dismay many who voted for Ike in 1952 and again in '56.

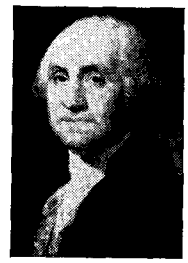
These are sample quotations from "The Invisible Presidency":

> In its dimension, Eisenhower's retreat from the highest office constitutes the greatest retreat in the national experience since the first battle of Bull Run. The role and power of Sherman Adams, by which the President made his escape, were conceived not by Adams, but by Eisenhower . . .
>
> During his [Adams's] years with Eisenhower, he had provided direction and energy in an interval when leadership was badly needed. The President was ill, uninterested, aging and absentee as the nation faced the swelling challenge of Soviet power, the incalculable potentialities of the new scientific age, and the urgency of a creative social policy and an economy operating at high productivity. Within the limits of his power, Adams halted drift, faced problems and imparted vigor . . .
>
> Adams suffered from, and eventually succumbed to, the hazards of unreviewed judgment. Far too often, what he did was in fact subject to no higher authority . . .

But Professor Koenig is sloppy about some of his facts, and this will, of course, affect judgments of many about the conclusions he draws. He remarks, for example, that while Governor Adams stayed away from the press, "his boss, President Eisenhower, made something of a record by holding more press conferences and answering more questions than any other Chief Executive in United States history." In his first seven years in office, Eisenhower held only 178 news conferences, far below the recent average. FDR, for example, held 337 press conferences in his first four years, 324 in the second term, 279 in the third, and eight in the few months of his fourth term.

When the professor blunders about things like that, it shakes one's acceptance of his version of other facts.

Presidential Seal of Approval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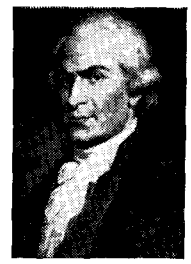
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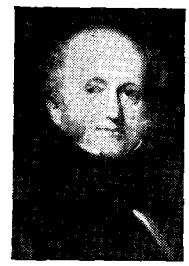
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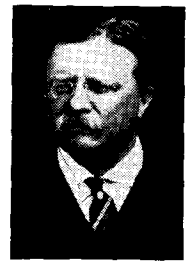
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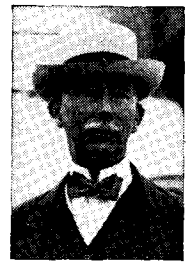
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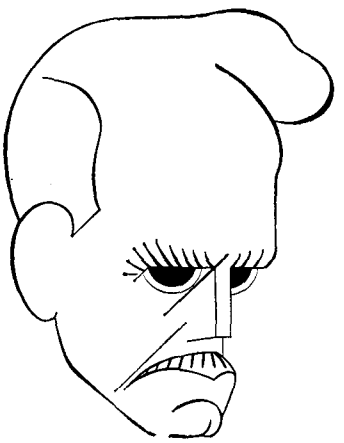
Salute to This Century's Fiction



—*Eva Herrmann*

Eugene O'Neill

"American Writing in the Twentieth Century" by Willard Thorp *(Harvard University Press. 353 pp. $5), presents in perspective this nation's literary achievements during the past fifty years. Gay Wilson Allen, a critic, biographer, and Guggenheim fellow, is at present on leave from New York University, where he is a professor of English.*

By Gay Wilson Allen

THOUGH we have had several attempts to sum up and evaluate twentieth-century American poetry, fiction, drama, and criticism, Professor Willard Thorp, chairman of the Department of English at Princeton University, is the first to publish a comprehensive history of American writings since 1900. He begins his preface by saying, "This is a favorable moment for telling the story of America's accomplishment in literature in this century."

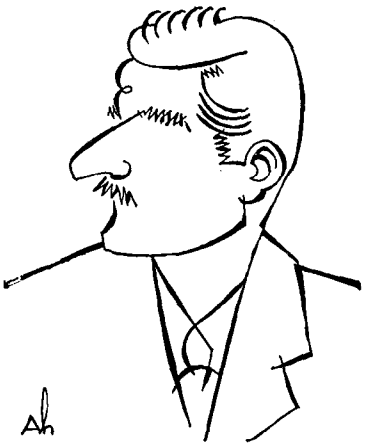
Why should 1960 be a "favorable moment"? Because, Professor Thorp's whole book implies, the poetic "renaissance" beginning about 1912 and continuing through the 1920s, augmented by some of the most remarkable productions in American fiction during the Twenties and Thirties, slowed down, almost halted, during the years of World War II. Frost, Sandburg, Eliot, and Cummings are still publishing, but their forms and ideas are now familiar and predictable, and Hart Crane, Amy Lowell, Masters, Lindsay, and Wallace Stevens are dead. In fiction Hemingway and Faulkner occupy about the same position as Frost and Eliot in poetry, while Anderson, Fitzgerald, Cather, Lewis, Dreiser, Wolfe, and even Dos Passos (though he is alive) belong to history. In fact, these last seven authors belong to another literary epoch—almost, one feels, to another century.

Most critics today would agree with Professor Thorp that the 1920 decade was one of the most brilliant in the entire history of American literature. But how many thought so in 1930? Observed from that point in time, the writers of the Twenties seemed frenetic, irresponsible, and alienated. It took the Depression and the soul-searching of the 1930s to reveal what they were alienated from, and to see that they did have, after all, roots in a native culture. Scott Fitzgerald, for example, was not so important as an expert on the "beautiful and damned" as an acute observer of the effects of money in American life.

—*Luis Quintanilla.*

Ernest Hemingway

Such considerations as these cause Professor Thorp to believe that World War II effectively closed a period in American writing, and most of the literary works he discusses were published within these years, though he refers to some earlier titles for background and mentions a few strictly contemporary examples. The present generation of writers (those, say, born since 1925) may feel that they have been neglected—but they are still making history.



William Faulkner

This book is not organized strictly chronologically, but with approximate temporal sequence within such categories as the early twentieth-century novel ("The Age of Innocence"), the drama, the novel of "caste and class" (1930-50), fifty years of Naturalism, poetry (two periods), literature of the South, and criticism. This scheme has its advantages and disadvantages. Henry Adams is never mentioned at all, nor the twentieth-century novels of Henry James (his "major phase," in the view of recent James critics). The first decade, in fact, receives only scattered attention, and even the Twenties is fragmented by the author's thematic organization.

But when Professor Thorp comes to the drama, especially of the 1930s and early 1940s he writes with enthusiasm, conviction, and authority. He makes this fertile period in drama come alive. The same thing happens when he reaches the "Southern Renaissance," a field in which he is a specialist. His final chapter, "Off to the Critical Wars," traces the development of literary criticism in the United States from 1900 to the present—objectively, fairly and with proportional adequacy. It is the best concise treatment of the subject that this reviewer has seen—despite the too jaunty title.

BECAUSE this survey of over half a century of American writing necessitates sketchy and rapid treatment of individual writers, Professor Thorp ends each chapter with a more detailed discussion of one major figure. These are: Wharton, Cather, O'Neill, Dos Passos, Hemingway, Stevens, Faulkner, and Eliot (as critic). That this list is too restrictive the author is well aware, but it is a practical compromise with his space limitations. "American Writing in the Twentieth Century" is a welcome addition to the Library of Congress Series in American Civilization, for which it was written.

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Backstage with a Book Publisher

"An Occupation for Gentlemen," by Frederic Warburg *(Houghton Mifflin. 288 pp. $4.50), recounts the author's history as a London publisher. Ben Ray Redman's many years as a writer have brought him into close contact with that profession.*

By Ben Ray Redman

URBANITY is a quality difficult to define but easily recognized. It is a quality that distinguishes the first instalment of Frederic Warburg's autobiography, a book that was sparked into being by a question that was once asked him at a cocktail party. "Tell me," said his questioner, "since you seem to know something about it, is publishing an occupation for gentlemen or is it a real business?" Mr. Warburg's answer, as I read it, is that publishing is certainly an occupation for a gentleman; but if the gentleman is not also a real businessman he will end up by losing his shirt. That Mr. Warburg's was in constant peril during his early years as an independent publisher his candid chronicle makes amply clear.

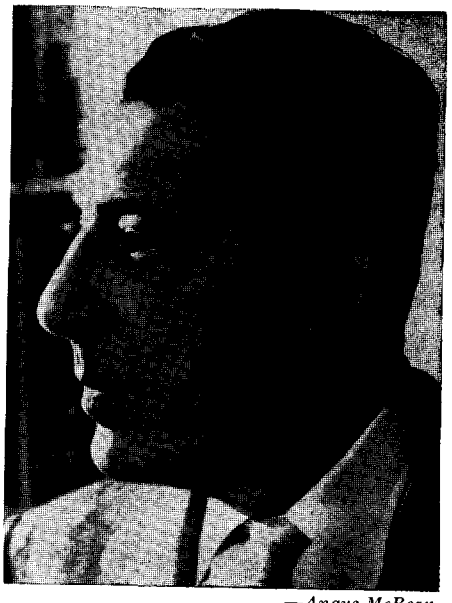
Born in 1898, the grandson of Frederic Elias Warburg, who was associated with the great financier Sir Edward Cassel in the building of London's first underground railway, and son of John Cimon Warburg, who "spent the sixty-five years of his life as a man of leisure," Fred Warburg grew up in a large and ugly Bayswater mansion, went to preparatory school at the age of nine, and at thirteen to Westminster, where he spent five hellish years and learned from personal experience that "the anti-Semitism of the British upper classes was then substantial if superficial."

During the last year of the First World War he served as second lieutenant with a siege battery and played his small part in the great offensive that crumpled German resistance. Demobilization was followed by three years at Christ Church, Oxford, where he "got a good second" in Greats, "the school of *Literae humaniores*." Equipped with considerable classical knowledge, and little else, he came down from Oxford as a young man who was in love and eager to marry. But marriage presupposed a job of some sort, and regarding the kind of job he wished to have, or could fill, the young man was remarkably vague. The upshot was that he drifted, or was accidentally pushed, into publishing.

He was pushed, specifically, into the ancient and conservative house of Routledge, then under the management of William Swan Stallybrass, born Swan Sonnenschein, "the greatest scholar-publisher of his day." Until Stallybrass's death, in 1931, Warburg sat at the feet of the master, learning the science (?) of publishing, and initiating off his own bat such enterprises as the famous Broadway Translations and the brilliantly interesting Today and Tomorrow Series.

IN 1931 he stepped into the maestro's shoes, and filled them until 1935, when his plan for injecting new life into George Routledge & Sons was rejected by the board of directors, and he found himself jobless after thirteen years of hard work and solid accomplishment. Five years later he and a partner purchased the assets of the distinguished but financially unsuccessful firm of Martin Secker Ltd. They were able to do this on a mere shoestring of thirty-one hundred pounds, and, because this shoestring represented nearly half their capital, they bought themselves years of trial and tribulation along with Secker's back list. The present volume of the autobiography carries the story of those years down to the outbreak of the Second World War.

But Mr. Warburg's domestic, as dis-



—*Angus McBean.*

Frederic Warburg—among the favored few.

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tinct from his publishing, troubles had begun long before. In 1931 he had fallen *in love with an extraordinary* whirlwind of a girl named Pamela de Bayou, and had walked out on his wife and three children in order to live with her. Although he was divorced in July, 1932, he could not persuade Pamela to marry him until January of the following year, a month before the birth of a child that lived for only a day. This second marriage brought him a wife whose intuitions were brilliant and whose convictions were strong, one who knew how to make her husband make the most of himself. The husband's chronicle is a tribute to the creative role that she has played in his career.

READERS who have been in or around the publishing business will be keenly interested in the history of Secker & Warburg's early struggles, the books published, the disastrous balance sheets, Mr. Warburg's publishing principles, and his recollections of authors. No less interesting is the record of his political orientation, his anti-Stalinism and his flirtation with Trotskyism. But most engrossing of all, I think, is the portrait of the man that emerges from these pages. He says that he is no Rousseau, and he is right. But he has proved that self-revelation is a fit occupation for gentlemen as well as for bounders. At one point Mr. Warburg declares that "the ability to write well is scattered sparsely throughout the population." He is among the favored few. I look forward to the second volume of his autobiography with relish.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 875

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 875 will be found in the next issue.

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TGN OQDEDQR OKNSR
ZMC OKZMR SN
ONSR ZMC OZMR.

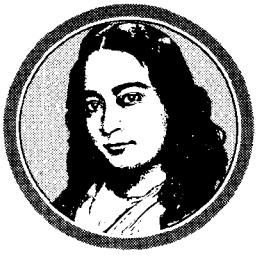
———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 874

It takes a clever man to turn cynic and a wise man to be clever enough not to.

—FANNIE HURST.

"FASCINATING"–says NEWSWEEK



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TV and Radio

(*Continued from page* 35)

provocative untruth. Paar's voice was the only voice—again shaken with emotion—that pleaded for honesty and fairness. What right do gossip columnists have to interfere with American policy where supreme sensitivity is required? Over and over, sometimes incoherently, he said that he didn't understand, that he was not entitled to make judgments. But the true story was not being written and presented. Please, beloved America, he pleaded, do not play the cynical game of provocative demagoguery. For this he was called, in effect, a "Commie-lover," a self-appointed partisan of Castro against the American people, and some other more prurient epithets. Was his, indeed, the only voice of reason?

Paar's beef against his corporate bosses, the quitting issue, the incident which provoked his walk-out, was the tiny thing that looms so large in the everyday life of everyman. The argument was not about ends, but means; not about rights, but manners. It wasn't what NBC had done—trimmed a dubious joke from the tape of his show; it was the way they had done it: anonymously, without notice; facelessly, without consulting him; conspicuously so as to give aid and comfort to his critics.

He walked out sounding the war cry of the wage slave: "There must be a better way of making a living than this." He came back with an answer he admitted wasn't even his own but a contribution from Jack Benny, the sheepish explanation of the free soul returning the morning after to the salt mine: "I've looked. And there isn't."

It is possible that the damage cannot be repaired. What was so right because it was unconscious and unwitting, what succeeded so well because it was spontaneous and accidental, may now become self-consciously contrived. Now deeply aware of what has happened, Paar may never be able to return to the state of nature. His clear, oft-pronounced yearning for shorter working hours and a more disciplined, organized, anonymous format may come to pass. This is of no concern and the technical success or failure of Paar within the limts of show business techniques is of no earth-shaking import.

What is of concern is what remains. The most powerful communication medium in history will close in on the low common denominator. And what kind of mirror is that to hold before the American people?

—WILLIAM DUFTY
RUDO S. GLOBUS.

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SEVEN STARS FOR MEYERBEER

By ROBERT LAWRENCE

SR/RECORDINGS

MARCH 26, 1960

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By Thomas Heinitz **60**

FOUR YEARS, in terms of the planning involved, would seem to offer adequate but not excessive time for the preparation of an important anniversary in the world of music: the centenary of Giacomo Meyerbeer's death. The great opera composer died on May 2, 1864; and although waves of obscurity now break over his once celebrated works, there is reason to believe that—with the present generation's healthy interest in the unfamiliar past—the masterpieces which ruled the repertoire 100 years ago may regain some of their former prestige.

No doubt there will be stage performances of one sort or another throughout the opera houses of the world to mark the composer's centenary. At the new Metropolitan in Lincoln Square, New York, which should be open by 1964, we would welcome a production of "Les Huguenots" or "L'Africaine." Covent Garden could conceivably come forth with "Le Prophète." The Paris Opéra, if it follows the present Malraux pattern of *gloire*, will most likely produce "Robert le Diable." Argentina's Teatro Colón, the only international theatre with a surviving French wing, could do any or all of these works. The Paris Opéra-Comique could put forth an "Etoile du Nord"; and somewhere in Italy we should probably hear a performance of "Dinorah." Stereo, however, could bring this repertoire, or most of it, to music-lovers everywhere. Recording companies might understandably cavil at pressing the smaller Meyerbeer works; but the four large-scale masterpieces—"Robert," "Les Huguenots," "Le Prophète," and "L'Africaine," every one of them designed for the mammoth stage of the old Paris Opéra which preceded the present house—are legitimate fare for today's gramophone audiences.

All of these operas have been absent so long from the international repertoire that they no longer carry a tradition of performance. A fresh approach will have to be made, new standards established. Since we are thinking of a Meyerbeer revival in terms of recordings, problems of staging "live"

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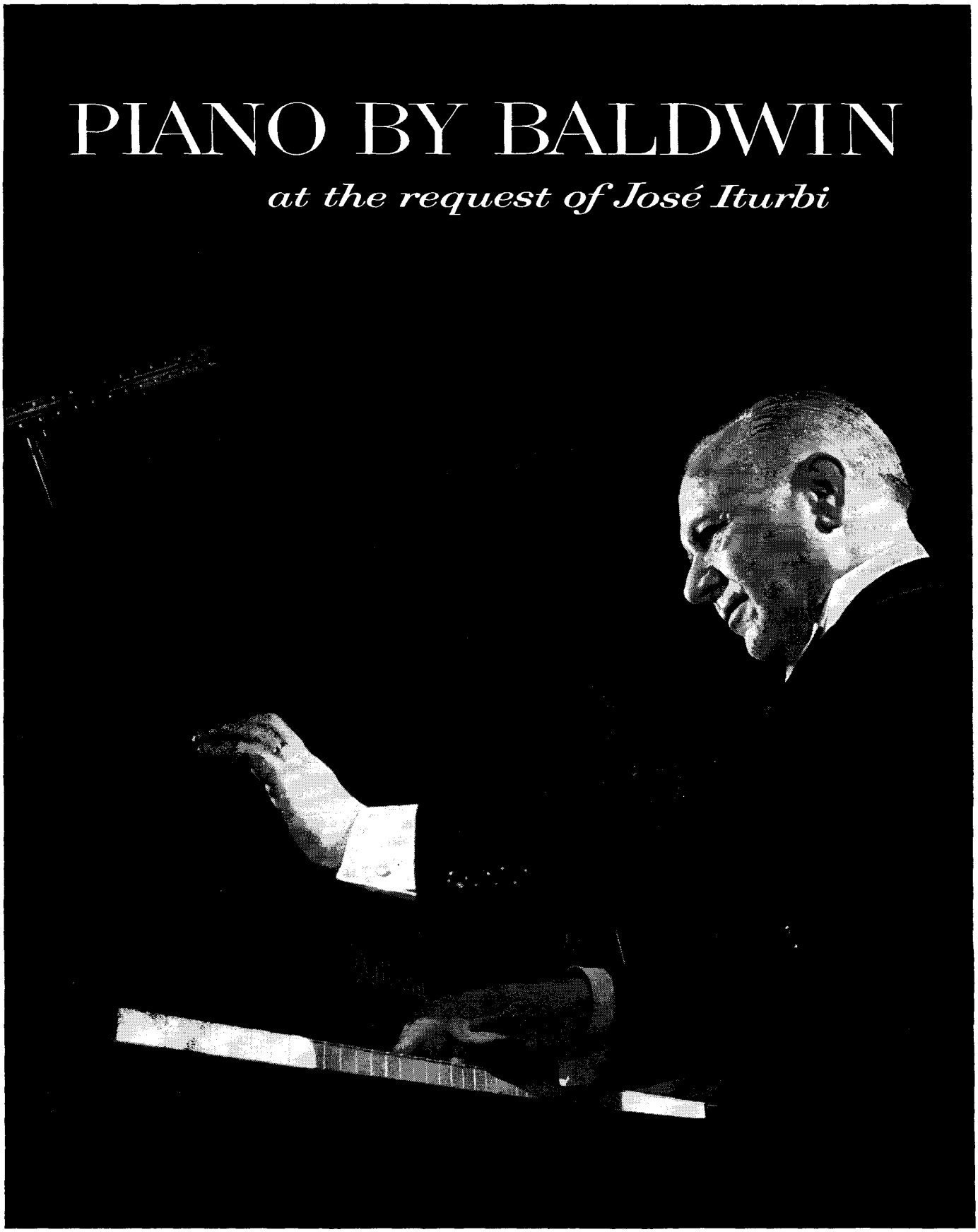

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performances of these works must here be by-passed—although the hope remains that, when the great day of theatrical production does actually arrive, their décor might reflect the strength and grandeur of Delacroix, guardian spirit of the Meyerbeer generation, rather than the influence of Klee or Kandinsky, which seems to stalk most opera houses of our time.

Confining ourselves, for now, to the music and its recording, we find that the most vital question—even before casting—is one of language. At the turn of the century, it was fashionable in this country to produce the Meyerbeer operas in Italian. Indeed, "L'Africaine" persisted at the Metropolitan in a Neapolitan version until as late as 1934. The superb Selika of Rosa Ponselle did bring a certain distinction to these performances; but this same artist, who had already sung the original texts of "La Juive" and "Le Roi d'Ys" with great success, could have undertaken Selika in French—with an over-all gain in authenticity—if the management had been more historically minded.

SIMILARLY, we find that Enrico Caruso—in now distant years—appeared frequently as Raoul in an Italian translation of "Les Huguenots." Again we must conclude that, had there been any consistent policy at the time, a supreme artist who was to distinguish himself as Samson, Don José, and Eléazar could have been asked to learn Raoul in the original tongue. The old bromide, "absence of available singers," is a fiction in regard to French Meyerbeer. Many of the best Italian artists can sing in acceptable Parisian style; and, should they be reluctant, there are several American, British, and Swedish artists, good linguists and able vocalists, who can undertake the Meyerbeer parts with satisfactory results. Ironically enough, the natural source of singers for these roles—France and Belgium—seems to have dried up. Regine Crespin and Rita Gorr stand alone now on the Gallic scene. One reads (in *Opera* magazine for January, 1960) that Huberte Vecray, most promising among Belgian dramatic sopranos, is retiring from the stage in favor of marriage and a new life in the Congo.

Despite the lack of French performers today to fill out its cast, "Les Huguenots" in historical and literary flavor (its scene and period are Paris in August, 1572, on the eve of the St. Bartholomew's Day massacre) is so thoroughly Gallic that its presentation in another language at this time would be unthinkable. Our generation has developed a concern for authenticity that differs completely from the slipshod practices in the opera houses of the past. Meyerbeer, it is true, was an eclectic; he was born in Germany, studied in Italy, and gravitated to France, where he found his true career; but his music and his operas are assuredly French, in the grand-operatic style, as are, similarly, the Cherubini "Médée" and Rossini's "Guillaume Tell," though performed today in Italian translations.

The answer to casting Meyerbeer for stereo or for the opera house lies in the formation and development of a French wing composed of international artists, singers who can do equal justice to "Robert le Diable," "La Juive," "Les Troyens," "Hérodiade," "Ariane et Barbe-Bleue," and other large-scale operas born in Paris. It means, too, the preparation of choruses in the original text, and arduous work by conductors in helping their soloists extract the warmest colors from the glowing vocal line.

A SENSITIVE musician of today would reject the idea of concentrating on all-star casts for the Meyerbeer operas (that gaslight tradition) at the expense of highlighting their music and drama. He would also be in favor of pruning away certain episodes that have lost their vitality over the years, and of helping these deliberately paced operas move along so that audience interest might never waver. But, at the same time, he would wish to hear the leading roles—marvels of expressive vocal writing—sung by today's most qualified singers.

With this last aim in mind, and working from the principle that in launching a Meyerbeer centenary celebration the leading record companies might find it possible to pool their interests and their artists, the writer has prepared a list of suggested singers for the four big operas. "Robert le Diable," with its Gothic melodies, bizarre instrumentation, and the fascinating role of Bertram (the first of the great Méphistophélès-type basso parts), remains the most colorful of all and best deserving of a full-length recording. The other Meyerbeer operas are alternately sublime and spotty. The proposed casts follow:

"ROBERT LE DIABLE"

Robert	Nicolai Gedda
Alice	Regine Crespin
Isabelle	Joan Sutherland
Raimbaut	Cesare Valletti
Bertram	Norman Treigle

A brief comment on this cast: The facility of Gedda's top tones and the purity of his French would render him ideal for the title role. Regine Crespin, warm and dramatic, could bring the proper intensity to the part of Alice, the peasant girl who defies the devil and helps save Robert. Miss Sutherland has the fire and fioritura for Isabelle, the Sicilian princess eventually wed to Robert in the opera's happy ending. The role of Raimbaut is small, yet it demands in the highly important Ballade (a melody later developed into the chilling horn motive which characterizes Bertram the Fiend) a knowing tenor with good voice and polished style. Mr. Valletti would fill these requirements. For the starring part of Bertram, this writer would nominate America's most consistently overlooked basso—and one of its finest—Norman Treigle, who evokes as the disturbed evangelist Blitch, in "Susannah," that same quality of tingling excitement without which "Robert le Diable" had best not be given.

"LES HUGUENOTS"

Raoul de Nangis	Jussi Bjoerling
Valentine	Birgit Nilsson
Marguerite	Mattiwilda Dobbs
Urbain	Giulietta Simionato
De Nevers	Robert Merrill
St. Bris	George London
Marcel	Boris Christoff

While Jussi Bjoerling might not, at the present time, be able to negotiate the part of Raoul successfully in a "live" performance, owing to the demands made by certain cruelly high-lying passages, he could undertake it in a recorded version, with opportunities for retakes and the perfectly legitimate device of splicing. The fullness of his voice and the nobility of his style are attributes which coincide ideally with the music of Raoul. In the great fourth-act duo, one of the glories of the entire operatic repertoire (even Wagner admitted this), Bjoerling would find a splendid companion in Miss Nilsson as Valentine. The style, weight, and dramatic brilliance of her music contain the seeds of Minnie and Turandot, in both of which roles this artist already excels. The dazzling coloratura of the Queen should hold no terrors for Miss Dobbs, who can also bring to the part a haunting lyricism. In Giulietta Simionato we should have an Urbain of whom Meyerbeer might have dreamed: suave, elegant, flexible. George London, on the basis of his Golaud, would make an imposing St. Bris—for these parts, though widely removed in style, are not unrelated in vocal range and quality. If the gifted Boris Christoff could be de-Chaliapinized for this recording, his French improved, his sense of style sharpened, he might contribute a first-rate Marcel.

"LE PROPHETE"

Jean de Leyde	Mario del Monaco
Berthe	Leonie Rysanek

(*Continued on page* 58)

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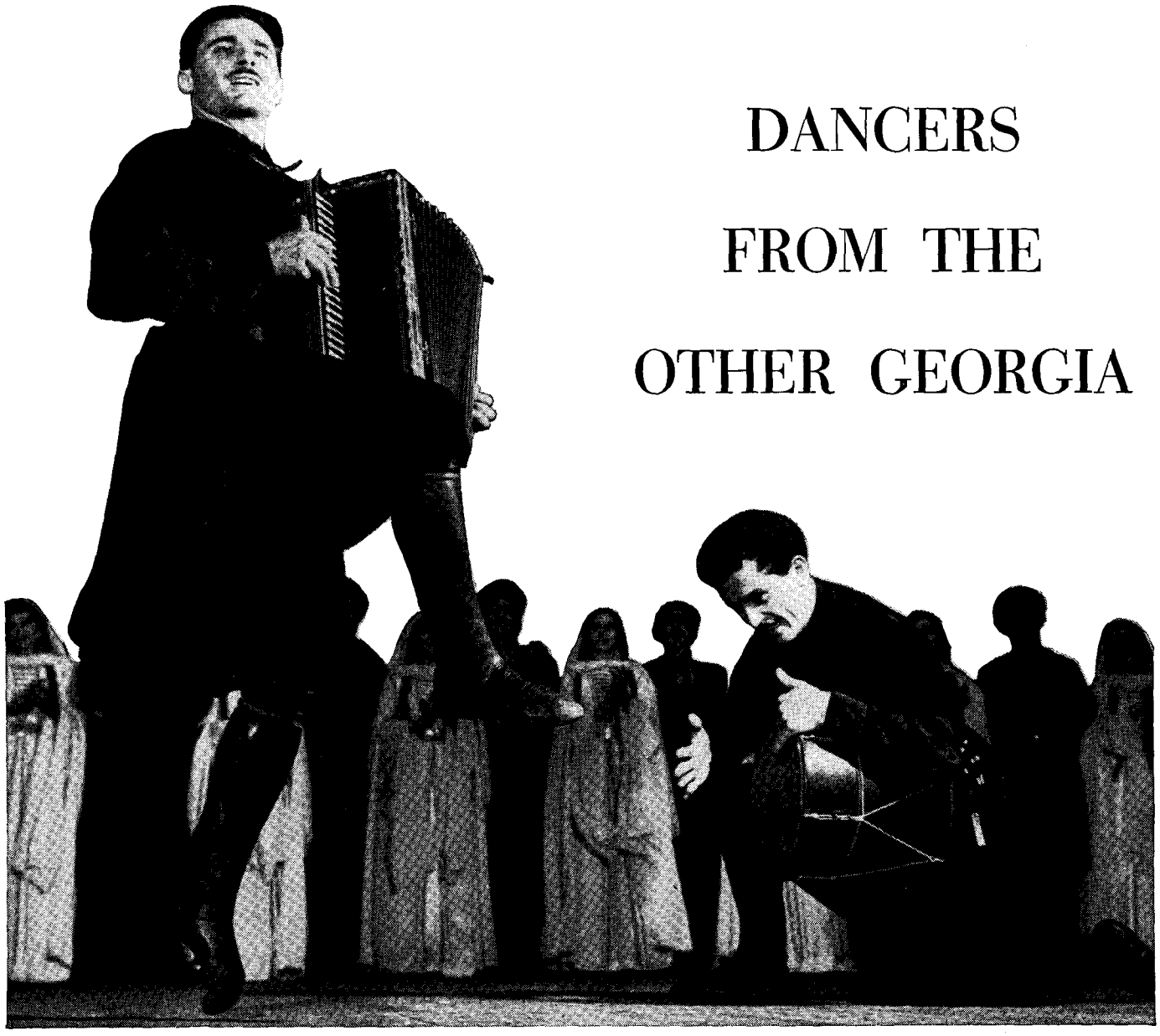
DANCERS FROM THE OTHER GEORGIA



Tdmaz Talakhadze and Georgi Shengelaya, soloists in "Competition"—"extremely virile and delicately violent."

By FERNAU HALL

LONDON.

THE FILM "Masters of the Georgian Ballet" presents two ballets, "Laurencia" and "Sinatle," which show in concentrated and provincial form a number of the defects of Soviet ballet at its worst. The stories are naïve, the acting is hammy, the costumes and scenery are vulgar, the choreography is banal and repetitious (with the same leaps and lifts recurring in every situation), the music is trite, and there is a general atmosphere of heavy-handed tastelessness. But at one point in the fairy-tale ballet "Sinatle," the dancers perform a traditional Georgian dance, and everything is suddenly transformed: we are confronted with dignity, beauty, elegance, and perfect taste. In the program of traditional dances presented by the Georgian State Dance Company at its exuberant introduction in the Royal Albert Hall, these qualities were to be found in every item. There is little doubt that America will react similarly to its first national tour.

The difference between the ballets and the traditional dances is easy to understand. In Georgia, ballet is something relatively new, and the Georgians have inevitably taken over current Muscovite ideas in an undiscriminating way—just as the Japanese took over Western ideas a century earlier. But in the field of traditional dancing and music the Georgians have a marvelous tradition—one much older than that of ballet—and this tradition has been adapted to the stage with the highest intelligence and skill by the two artistic directors and choreographers of the company, Nino Ramishvili and Iliko Sukhishvili. These two remarkable people have produced a show which in many ways is a model of its kind, combining extreme respect for tradition with a fine understanding of the laws of the theatre. The items are varied in style, there is a good contrast between male and female dancing, nothing goes on too long, and the costumes are superb in cut, colors, and materials.

Georgian dancing itself is not quite unknown in the West (Fokine's Georgian ballet "Thamar," for example, included a fairly traditional *lesghinka*) but the Georgian State Company shows that in its various regions Georgia possesses an unsuspected and marvelous variety of styles. This variety reflects the country's long, tumultuous history. Some of the dances can be traced back to ancient times. The *perkhuli*, for in-

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stance, a round dance from the mountainous region of Svaneti, preserves elements of the cult of the Hittite fertility god Telepai. *Dzheirani*, in contrast, is a woman's dance belonging to old Tbilisi, and here one can detect similarities to the dances of countries to the East of Georgia—notably Tadzhikistan and North India: the flicking movements of the hands are clearly derived from mudras, while the graceful, swooping foot movements recall those of the Azerbaijanian antelope after which the dance is named. (The principal role in this dance — that of a woman in the middle of eight men—is superbly performed by the co-director of the company, Nino Ramishvili.) Then again, one finds in some dances heel-and-toe movements very similar to those found in mountain dances of Central Spain and the Highlands of Scotland. Lying as it does at the crossroads of the Caucasus, on an ancient invasion route midway between Europe and Asia, Georgia has been subject to a great variety of cultural influences. All the same, there is something characteristically Georgian about all the dances.

The most distinctive feature of Georgian male dancing is the dancing on *pointe*. The men wear high boots made of very soft leather, and often support themselves on the tips of their toes: as the toes are not supported by blocks, they bend back slightly as they bear the weight of the dancer. There are ten types of movement on the toes; they include most of those known to the ballerina, and one which is strictly Georgian: a fabulous leap into the air which lands on one *pointe* or on two *pointes* with the feet crossed. In the West we think of dancing on *pointe* as characteristically feminine, giving a suggestion of something fantastic and ethereal (such as an Ondine or Swan-Queen); as done by the Georgians, however, it looks extremely virile and delicately violent, particularly when the men indulge in competitions of virtuosity, goading each other into displays of steps which become constantly faster and more spectacular. The use of the full *pointe* also makes possible extreme speed in turns: at times the men (like the Kathak dancers of India) turn so fast they almost disappear. In addition to the turns on *pointe*, the Georgians have even more spectacular turns on the knees; it is hard to understand how they avoid damaging this very sensitive part of the leg.

Like the men of Kerala in South India, these dancers have an ancient martial tradition and a corresponding variety of war dances. Particularly exciting are the saber dances of the Khevsur mountaineers, who to this day retain their weapons (saber, dagger, and shield) as part of their daily dress. As the sabers slice through the air and crash against the shields, they weave patterns as fast and complex as anything to be seen in the fighting dances of the Pekin opera, and, as in Pekin, the slightest mistake could cause a serious accident.

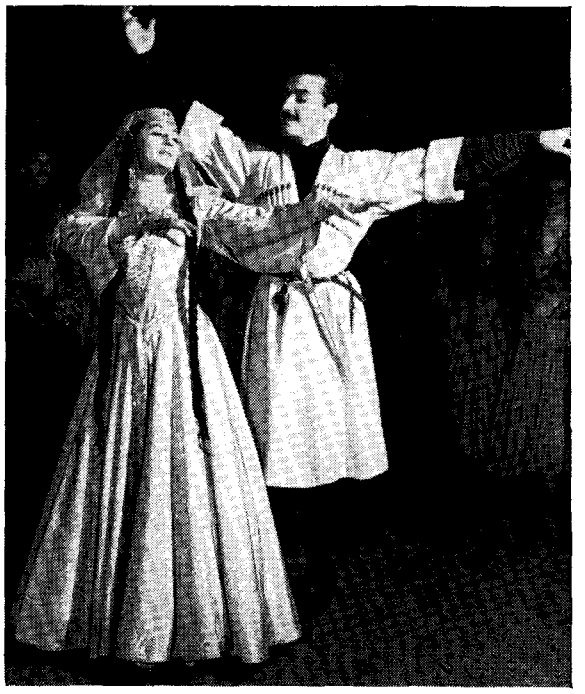
In one characteristic movement the men, remaining *sur place*, kick their feet out alternately to the front in a fast rhythm. There is something at the same time graceful and menacing about this *gasma* step, which (like so much of the work of the Georgian dancers) makes one think of falcons. For many centuries these men have depended for their safety on their speed and skill of movement, and have developed a remarkable physique: they are very thin, with wasp-like waists, and yet are very powerful. Almost without exception they are strikingly handsome, with their blue-black hair, fair skin, bold features, and dashing moustaches.

The women are also very handsome, but look as if they might belong to a different country. They have smooth, round faces and long black hair, which would make them look almost Persian or North Indian if it were not for their fair skins. Their dancing, too, is completely different from that of the men. They wear long skirts (so that their legs and feet are invisible) and glide along in small, quick sliding movements, the body remaining statuesque and motionless. Here one can see the origin of the dances of the Beryozka company, which made such a strong impression in the West a few years ago. But the traditional dances of the Georgian women differ greatly from the Beryozka dances in their flexible, varied, and expressive movements of the arms and hands. These are not essentially different from those of the men, but suggest a more lyrical quality.

Aspects of Georgian history can be seen clearly in the relationship between the men and the women in *pas de deux* and group dances. Because Georgia remained a Christian country in spite of the overwhelming triumph of Islam in this region during the Middle Ages, women never became subordinate to men, and remained in fact deeply respected by them. In a number of dances we see men expending all their powers to make an impression on the woman, who continues to dance in her own world of serenity and subtle challenge. This relationship reminds one to some extent of that which was prevalent in the courts of Europe in medieval times between the ladies and their knights.

Some of the dances are aristocratic in style: here one can see the influence of a period in the Middle Ages during which great strides were made in Georgian culture at the courts of kings and great nobles, when court dances were developed which were somewhat different from those of the mountaineers and townsmen. And the remarkable artists of the Georgian State Dance Company (as trained by Ramishvili and Sukhishvili) are just as successful in projecting the dignity and refinement proper here as they are in building up to a passionate climax of ferocity in the martial dances.

The music for the dances is played by instrumentalists standing on the stage. The older dances are accompanied by drums and the *duduki*, an oboe-like instrument which corresponds to the *shenai* of India and the medieval shawm; it has a loud, piercing tone and is capable of considerable agility. More recent dances are accompanied by drums and accordion. The tunes sound oriental to the European ear, and the drum rhythms have the same sort of entrancing complexity that one finds in the dance music of all Eastern countries. In its dance music Georgia—much to its advantage—belongs very definitely to the East.



Nino Ramishvili (left) dances "superbly" in "Kartuli" with Tengir Utmelidze.

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Short Comments on Long Plays

By JAN HOLCMAN

AFTER A RELATIVELY short "vacation" from Chopin, I have received nearly a dozen new discs of varied appeal. Let us begin with piano and orchestra: a record in which **Solomon** is heard in **Beethoven's First Concerto** (Angel S 35580, $5.98). His reading is well regulated rhythmically, oscillating within modest dynamic range. There is a communicative second movement; a gay, humorous third. On the other side is the Beethoven Sonata in E minor. Here the sensitive pianist takes time to send every important message, and they never come too late. This rendition is very even, without any extraordinary surprises (either bad or good). To those who know that Solomon has not been able to play for some time, this disc, labeled "Stereo," may be a pleasant surprise. One would wish the record company had said exactly when this disc was made.

Julius Katchen in **Beethoven's Rondo** (Opus 151) with an orchestra represents a sort of novelty: this piece is not often played (London CS 6096, $4.98). The included **Third Concerto** is more difficult to accept after Gould's recent sophisticated version. Katchen's vital, aggressive technique discloses a set of splendid muscles rather than a sense of precision. Consequently, Katchen is well secured from being overpowered by an orchestra. If he appears arresting in some passages he still cannot keep this listener's attention for a long time. In several singing episodes in the second movement, however, Katchen may be admired for his touch and phrasing.

Orazio Frugoni has recorded the two **Chopin concertos** (Stereovox 511460, 511470, $5.98 each). Unfortunately, his episodic and careless treatment offers too little to make the appearance of these versions justified; we have a large number of E and F minors. Whether you evaluate his craft from an emotional viewpoint or from a technical, his Chopin remains unbalanced. Those few passages rendered in a conversational manner represent a restless conversation. As for technique, take only the final pages of the E minor first movement, starting from *agitato*: a pianist never should give up the secret of how difficult it is for him to perform a given section. Readings which fail to meet all professional demands are not so rare; they make you wonder whether our recording companies are becoming promotional institutions even for unprepared virtuosos.

Istvan Antal presents the **Liszt "Pathetique" Concerto** with orchestra (Parliament PLP 124, $1.98), a piece rarely played, and for a good reason—who wants to hear it? And if the work is uninteresting, the pianist has not succeeded in increasing its limited appeal despite his well-organized and sonorous technique, well-treated melodic sections, and a few exciting crescendos in some almost Wagnerian passages.

S. Richter plays **Tchaikovsky's Concerto No. 1** (Parliament PLP 120, $1.98). Anyone who does not believe in magic may find it difficult to believe that this performer is the same person who recently introduced the Tchaikovsky Sonata in a titanic manner. This is not to say that his version of the concerto should be rejected. It simply projects quite a different Richter. His conception here may strike many a listener as highly original. Some passages in which we are used to hearing powerful, volcanic explosions are played by Richter in a more intimate, light manner (even the imposing octaves, despite all their sonority). It follows that this performance may be classified as anything but "heroic," although it is courageous indeed in its own way. Richter at times has let the orchestra dominate where most pianists would feel they are entitled to "talk" even if it is not really their turn. Melodic episodes in the first movement are treated with a remarkable *bel canto* emphasis. A novel concept? Habits do to us exactly what they did to Pavlov's dogs. A "wrong" bell evokes a disturbance in our system, which takes a long time to accept a new signal. It is very possible that after a few times a listener will get used to Richter's interpretation of this much-abused piece in B flat. Only this will prove whether his ideas are not merely justified but convincing as well.

For piano solos, let us start from old masters. The repetitious **Twelve Sonatas,** by the eighteenth-century Spanish composer **Soler,** demand more contrast than many other works. Fredric Marvin, who also has embellished this record (Decca DL 10008, $4.98) with his enthusiastic explanatory notes, approaches the first sonata too massively, almost in a percussive idiom. Mr. Marvin prefers to replace gradual shading by the standard opposition *pp-ff,* and therefore the more contrasting aspects of these pieces are lost (Sonatas M.10,13, etc.). Among less monotonous readings one should mention M.16, while M.17 may be admired for the pianist's more contemplative statements. His clean ornaments will satisfy you in M.11 and M.14.

Walter Hautzig, heard in **Bach** and **Mozart,** gives us a disc that includes a revealing reading of Bach's most curious, programmatic Capriccio, imaginatively composed against a background of domestic events when Bach was only nineteen years old ("Departure of his beloved brother . . ."; see the intelligent and informative notes by Professor Paul Nettl). The work could be taken as an amusing keyboard operetta and is interpreted here in a manner permitting us to enjoy the refined sense of humor young Bach invested in this delightful idea (United Artists UAL 7006, $4.98). Hautzig is a well-chosen artist to present the piece. Landowska's more improvisatory version of the same work is also available on an RCA LP (LM 2194). Her personal style radiates even from an innocent ornament in which her left-hand bass note usually precedes (slightly) a given trill or mordent in the right hand. Returning to Hautzig, he also presents the Mozart Adagio (K.540) in meaningful terms, but even more valuable seems the inclusion of Mozart's little-known Fantasia, played by the artist "from an unpublished manuscript." In his honest and tasteful performance, Hautzig employs a resonant legato which enlivens all the melodic lines. His choice of touch has not tempted him to neglect precision in ornamental figures. The record may be respected by everyone, but should be of particular interest to good musicians.

From this Bach-Mozart disc it is a short distance to the **Bach-Beethoven** release with **Gina Bachauer** as a performer. In Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, the Fantasia is a clear, tasteful effort which could have been done by a dozen of her contemporaries, perhaps in a similar manner. Her reasonable tempos are well maintained throughout the performance, her technique is supported by assurance, her pedaling is correctly measured. But her recitatives are not really recited and the Bülow addition of octaves is both excessive and poorly matched in the thin surrounding of remaining "singles." Her excellent rhythmical en-

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durance is fully manifested in the Fugue (Capitol SG 7177, $5.98). The same side will familiarize listeners with the Bach-Tausig Toccata and Fugue in D minor, an inferior transcription not rendered as well as it should be. I say "should" instead of "could," because it would take nothing less than a genius to interpret this paraphrase in a totally convincing manner. As for the Beethoven Second Sonata on the reverse side, Miss Bachauer introduces the third movement with a discreet brilliance, flexibility, and certain charm of her own, yet her art hardly shows that she studied with Rachmaninoff, as is constantly advertised in the blurbs.

A lot of pleasure may be derived from **Peter Katin's** new disc, which contains, among other pieces, the never neglected **Bach Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue.** Katin's conception and execution of this work should appeal to many listeners, even those who once were addicted to the old Edwin Fischer version. Katin's performance may be prized for its singing, never-too-fast, and almost dramatically rendered recitatives as well as for its balanced finger passages followed by softly sung melodic episodes. The Fugue is played with a vivid meter, but precisely, intelligently, and cheerfully. This reading will not easily find an equivalent even among the best (London CS 6085, $4.98). The flattering readings on this record include two Scarlatti Sonatas, Longo 23 (E), and 413 (D minor). Katin never forces the keyboard and does not need to do so; it is obedient to his most delicate orders. Schumann's "Romance," as rendered by Katin, becomes an intimate one; not everything is said aloud, and the whispered manner does not always permit us to guess the exact intention of this flirtation. Less convincing are a Chopin Waltz, Schumann "Novelette," and perhaps a Brahms Rhapsody. As for Rachmaninoff's older version of "Melodie," for all Katin's excellent shading the melody could emerge still more "intonative."

The same **Rachmaninoff "Melodie"** also appears on a new disc by **Pennario,** who has chosen the later and more progressive version of this miniature. Against Katin, Pennario sounds here like a more masculine and full-toned interpreter. But although his version differs entirely from Katin's, neither has Pennario brought his expression to the full eloquence known to us from the composer's own reading. Among rather average readings are Chopin's Etude, Opus 10, No. 12, and his D flat Nocturne; also the Scriabin Left Hand Nocturne, which sounds here as if played by two hands but not two best ones. (Capitol SP 8469, $5.95.)

James Joyce and Music

JAMES JOYCE, like many celebrated Irish writers, such as Synge, Stephens, and O'Casey, was a music-lover, and there was a strong musical tradition in his family. His father, John Stanislaus, was well known in Dublin music circles for a voice whose pure tenor quality reminded connoisseurs of Campanini. James Joyce emerged as a singer in 1904, two years after John McCormack had won the tenor competition at the Irish National Festival, the *Feis Ceoil.*

McCormack's example spurred Joyce on, and he presented himself at the competition. The adjudicator, Luigi Denza, composer of the celebrated "Funiculì Funiculà," wished to award the gold medal to the young tenor whose singing of an aria from "The Prodigal Son" of Arthur Sullivan and an Irish folk song revealed great possibilities, but he was not allowed to do so by the rules of the competition, as the competitor refused to sing an easy piece at sight. He was, however, given the bronze medal. Then, finding that he could not pawn it, he threw it into the river Liffey.

In later years, after World War I, Joyce, who had been living in Zurich, arrived in Paris to spend a week and remained there for twenty years. His home became an outpost of Irish writers, and he used to question exhaustively all who came from "dear dirty Dublin." Those who visited him in those days still see him in their mind's eye seated at his piano, playing dreamily some old Irish melody and humming it softly to himself.

Joyce from the outset, however, had also been fascinated by the subtler pleasures that arise when, as the Elizabethan poet said, "music and sweet poetry agree, as they must needs, the sister and the brother." His first work, "Chamber Music," consisted of little poems which, as he confessed later, he wrote "as a protest against himself" during the grim days in Dublin in 1904 when he ("the renegade Catholic artist") was strengthening his determination to abandon Ireland and go into exile. Like the little boy in the moving story in "Dubliners," he carried his chalice among a crowd of foes. In those poems he is still, as his biographer Richard Ellmann says, a little spellbound by gaudiness, overindulgent toward lush clichés. These poems, however, possess subtle charms that attract a composer with their delicate word pictures.

Of the three poems set to music by Israel Citkowitz (and available on Lyrichord LL 83, $4.98) the most effective is the third (XI), with its rhythmic pattern in the accompaniment. The three settings by Seymour Barab are more lyrically emotional and have greater appeal. The third (XIII), a delightful song recalling Roger Quilter's robust style, is sung with consummate artistry by Patricia Neway. The three songs from "Pomes Penyeach," which are mature, have a certain haunting quality that is admirably suggested by John Gruen's music, especially in the somber harmonies of "Alone." "Bahnhofstrasse," with its hint of Brahmsian idiom and its brilliant accompaniment, makes a rousing climax.

Those who are familiar with the text of "Ulysses" will feel a certain fascination in allowing themselves to be translated into a musical sphere, but most of Thomas de Hartmann's commentaries waft us very far from Joyce or his Dublin. We hear strident sounds of "Hoofirons, steelyringing" but we miss the peculiar humor of the gold and bronze-haired siren barmaids and their giggling laughter. In the Nausicaa's episode of Gerty McDowell the music gives us vague peace but not what Joyce called his "fizzy style," with its effects of "incense, mariolatry, cockles, and painter's palette."

"Finnegan's Wake" is an easier medium for composers, and the most successful wedding of words and music of the whole record is "Nuvoletta," set by Samuel Barber, who gives us radiant and ethereal music as Nuvoletta climbs over the banister and gives her childy cloudy cry. Patricia Neway's singing of this and "Anna Livia Plurabelle" is a splendid tour de force of diction, drama, and lyricism.

In "Anna Livia" there is some very effective music by Hazel Felman-Buchbinder, one of the early pioneers in setting "Ulysses" to music. Here at least we hear melodies and rhythms that transport us for a moment into Joyce's Elven-land. Nevertheless, before the end I longed for the subtler music of the poet's own voice, with its overtones of gentle melancholy and humor as he tells the tale of Shaun and Shem.

—WALTER STARKIE.

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Recordings in Review

Rubinstein and Szeryng

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas, Opus 24 ("Spring") and 47 ("Kreutzer"). Artur Rubinstein, piano, and Henryk Szeryng, violin.* RCA Victor LSC 2377, $5.98.

If the listing above seems to respect the order of prominence of the performers involved, the facts are otherwise. They relate, rather, to the circumstance that Beethoven's duos were written as "Sonatas for piano and violin," or, as in the case of the Opus 47, "*Per il pianoforte ed un violino obbligato, scritta in uno stilo molto concertante quasi come d'un concerto.*" Most performances are instigated today by violinists, with the result that the true weight of purpose is overlooked, or conveniently forgotten.

At first glance, one would expect that it would be the dramatic "Kreutzer" that would profit more from Rubinstein's participation, but the hearing decrees otherwise. It is the F major, with its flowing first movement and high-spirited finale (as well as its idyllic slow movement and frisky scherzo), which comes to the ear as it is rarely heard—a work for a master pianist, with a violin part charmingly fitted against it, and capably delineated by Szeryng.

Perhaps the "Kreutzer" would have the same satisfying effect were Szeryng an instrumentalist of more assertiveness, at least in this partnership. Rubinstein seems willing enough to abide by the dynamic implications of the work, taking the lead where the writing suggests it, and relinquishing it otherwise. But Szeryng, for all his fine musical abilities and excellent violinistic equipment, tends to hang back when it is his turn to take command. For the most part, his effort is too measured, lacking in the kind of abandon to make the most of Beethoven's quasi-improvisatory writing. And when Rubinstein tries (consciously or otherwise) to scale his effort down to his partner's—as in some of the variations—the pattern as a whole suffers. The recorded sound is beautifully laid out for stereo purposes, and aptly centered between the speakers.

For Barrows by Wilder

WILDER: *Sonatas Nos. 1 and 2, Suite. John Barrows, French horn, with piano.* Golden Crest RE 7002, $4.98.

All thanks to John Barrows, not only for being a master of the French horn but also for persisting in pressures on Alec Wilder until he wrote the two sonatas and the suite of this recording. For without him, it is improbable that Wilder would have turned his mind to this problem. That would have been a pity, not only for the brilliant way in which he has solved it but also for the quality of performance provided by the variously gifted Barrows.

I say "variously gifted" because it is the range of his expression on the not commonly tractable instrument which has enabled Wilder to write a sophisticated first movement here, a deeply blue slow movement there, or, for contrast, to trifle with a lighter mood that recalls such fine songs by him as "While We're Young" and "So Peaceful in the Country." In all of these veins (not to mention the more virtuoso ones which Wilder ventures from time to time) Barrows is his constant companion, producing notes that are not in the instrument, bending others with the facility of a sax player (though he has no comparable mechanism at his disposal), and all the while making one forgetful that there is such a thing as a wrong note.

Lest it be thought these are gimmicky pieces of interest only to brass fanciers, let me add my belief that such music could not have existed a couple of decades ago. Not only does it require a player of Barrows's particular command: it rests upon a vocabulary of harmonic, rhythmic, and coloristic effects which only a composer *and* a performer sharing the same kind of jazz orientation could utilize to such advantage. The rather disorderly sleeve fails to list the contents of the well-recorded disc, and Barrows could be accompanying himself on the piano for all the identification his collaborator is given.

"Di-mi-tri Shost-a-KO-vich"

"SAY IT RIGHT!": *Prepared and narrated by Edward S. Dumit, with piano illustrations by Jerome Rappaport.* Grayhill Recording Studio, Tulsa, Oklahoma, $5.95.

According to one school of commercial thought, a contributing reason for the popularity of record clubs and other devices for selling by mail is the reluctance of persons uninstructed in the pronunciation of foreign names to reveal their ignorance to a salesman. If so, this may be the record that shops have been looking for, if only to make the correct pronunciation of Shostakovitch, Argenta, or Mödl as easily acquired as Smith, Cohen, or Stevens.

Included in the nine bands on the two sides are 202 composers from Adam to Ysaye, each pronounced with clarity and a serious concern for authenticity by Edward S. Dumit, a co-editor of "The Announcer's Handbook" and director of radio and television at the University of Tulsa. As the record is designed for instructional purposes and repeated playings, each example is followed by a brief pause during which the user can repeat the sound himself. Also included are 134 operas, fifty-five ballets, forty-seven tone poems and suites, sixty-two conductors, numerous instrumentalists and singers, and finally 161 musical terms, some illustrated

Szeryng—"fine musical abilities and excellent violinistic equipment."

Wilder—"such music could not have existed a couple of decades ago."

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with musical excerpts well performed by Rappaport.

Of the utility of this disc there is no question: no matter how familiar one is with the material, it is conceivable that one may become sloppy in articulation and need an occasional reminder. As for the person who is not multilingual, or otherwise indoctrinated, it should be of very practical—and painless—utility. The only danger, it seems to me, is that one may end up sounding like a radio announcer rather than a well-informed music lover—especially if one follows too literally the exaggerated pronunciation used by Dumit to make his point.

A few discrepancies with common usage suggest that the pronunciation of proper names is subject somewhat to whim: to wit, Dumit's suggestion of Day-lius for Delius (the usual sound is preferred by his close friend and interpreter, Beecham), of Par-rye for Paray, or Scher-ken for Scherchen (the man himself says it closer to Shershen). As for Hans Knep-perts-busch, I have never seen the name previously with an umlaut (Knäppertsbusch is the printed form here). But perhaps Dumit's sources are privileged ones. A booklet containing all the material in printed form is a valuable complement to the well-made record.

Chopin's Ballades Complete

CHOPIN: *"Ballades" in G minor, F major, A flat major and F minor. Philippe Entremont, piano.* Columbia MS 6118, $5.98. *Artur Rubinstein, piano.* RCA Victor LM 2370, $4.98.

As this is a Chopin year, so it is also a pianists' year, as present and future releases indicate. Perhaps in other circumstances also, Rubinstein might have added the four Ballades to his other categories of Chopin complete (scherzi, waltzes, nocturnes, polonaises, preludes, mazurkas, etc.). But it is a contribution to present pleasure that the recent anniversary prompted the addition of these four fine performances to his long list of others.

What makes them as fine as they are is not a matter of pianistic dexterity (Entremont has as much, perhaps even more) or even artistic conscience (Entremont, undoubtedly, applies himself as faithfully, in his own fashion). Rather, it is the subtle interrelationship that Rubinstein establishes not only among these four works themselves, but in respect to Chopin's total output. They are, in a manner of speaking, the more reflective side of the man of action who wrote the Polonaises: a distinction wholly realized by Rubinstein in his absorbing recitation of their poetic content.

Entremont utilizes his excellent equipment purposefully enough, but the conceptions themselves need more seasoning to fulfill his own intentions. Too often the sections of dramatic contrast tumble over themselves a little out of control; in the lyric ones he occasionally stresses individual notes at the cost of the total phrase. Basically, however, there is no question of his sensitivity to the musical content.

Music to Be Quiet By

NELSON: *"For Katharine in April"*; PURSELL: *"Christ Looking over Jerusalem"*; MCKAY: *"Larghetto"*; GAULDIN: *"Movement for Wind Quintet"*; MAILMAN: *"Autumn Nocturne"*; SCIANNI: *"Adagio Cantabile"*; SUTCLIFFE: *"Gymnopedie"*; EARLS: *"And On the Seventh Day"*; STERN: *"In Memoriam Abraham." Howard Hanson conducting the Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra.* Mercury SR 90053, $5.95.

Edward Benjamin is a Southerner (New Orleans) of means who believes there is not enough relaxable music being written, and that what has been written in the past is not sufficient for present-day needs. Hence he established, in 1953, the Edward B. Benjamin Award for Restful Music, to be given annually to the student composer or composers of the Eastman School who, in the opinion of a committee appointed by Howard Hanson, created the work that best fulfilled the objective expressed in the title.

A cross-section of the results is presented in these performances directed by Hanson—nine pieces in mostly slow tempi which tend, in a cumulative impression, to be irritating rather than soothing. The effect of one is offset by the effect of another, so that it is difficult, at the end of the exposure, to cite which among the nine composers represented are the most promising. The only qualitative distinction that emerges is that the pieces grow a little more complex from the start of the sequence to the finish.

Doubtless there is an audience for the music Benjamin favors, but one would be curious to know what level of musical taste it embodies. It would seem to me that persons with a reasonable degree of musical awareness should prefer varied music of value to unvaried music of no particular value. Perhaps Mr. Benjamin would be interested in a serenade for quartet written some years ago by Marc Blitzstein, consisting of three movements, all largos. It found its variety in contrasts of texture rather than pace, and was certainly far above the quality of this "commissioned" material.

A Durable Dozen

DONIZETTI: *"Spirito gentil" ("La Favorita")* and LEONCAVALLO: *"No, Pagliaccio, non son" ("Pagliacci"), Enrico Caruso;* MEHUL: *"Champs paternels" ("Joseph"), John McCormack;* GIORDANO: *"Un dì all'azzurro spazio" ("Andrea Chénier"), Beniamino Gigli;* ROSSINI: *"O muto asil del pianto" ("William Tell"), Giovanni Martinelli,* and *"Se il mio nome" ("Il Barbiere"), Tito Schipa;* CHARPENTIER: *"Depuis longtemps" ("Louise"), Edward Johnson;* WAGNER: *"Winterstürme wichen dem Wonnemond" ("Die Walküre"), Lauritz Melchior;* PUCCINI: *"Che gelida manina" ("La Bohème"), Giuseppe di Stefano;* DONIZETTI: *"Una furtiva lagrima" ("L'Elisir d'Amore"), Ferruccio Tagliavini, "Fra poco a me ricovero" ("Lucia di Lammermoor"), Jan Peerce;* GIORDANO: *"Amor ti vieta" ("Fedora"), Jussi Bjoerling;* ROSSINI: *"Ecco ridente" ("Il Barbiere"), Cesare Valletti.* RCA Victor LM 2372, $4.98.

At first glance this disc might seem to be a collation of the tenor "courses" in the full-length banquet called "Fifty Years of Great Operatic Singing" which appeared on five LPs in RCA Victor LCT 6701, for which the undersigned served as maître d'hôtel if not as chef.

However, only half of the contents are drawn from that source: two selections by Caruso, and one each by McCormack, Melchior, Schipa, and Martinelli. The present Bjoerling selection is different from those preferred in the earlier collection, and the Peerce excerpt from "Lucia" is the product of a later recording. Messrs. di Stefano, Valletti, and Tagliavini have been added.

The result is certainly entertaining, and unquestionably a bargain. However, it is stretching poetic license more than a little to contend that Tagliavini and di Stefano are mentionable in the same breath with their greater predecessors: and if they accomplished some work in their careers that might be called "great," it is not the crooned "Una furtiva lagrima," by Tagliavini, or the typically vulgarized "Che gelida manina," by di Stefano. On the other hand, the florid work of Valletti in "Ecco ridente" stands up well to exacting comparisons.

If there is one performance which, on reacquaintance, strikes the ear as remarkable, it is Gigli's "Un dì all'azzurro spazio." We have been having a run of "Andrea Chénier" in recent years at the Metropolitan, with all sorts of tenors providing all sorts of interpretations. They all might profitably investigate the Gigli version, to find out how the words and music fit together.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerti in C and G. Robert Casadesus, piano, with Eduard van Beinum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam. Columbia MS 6111, $5.98.	These are works for which Casadesus has had a consistent affinity, and which he plays with fluency, taste, and a good deal of insight. If there is a complaint it would be with the first movement of No. 4 (G major), in which his rippling performance of the passage work sometimes serves the surface better than the depths it conceals. Throughout the late van Beinum attests to his high musical principles with the thorough yet bilateral treatment of the orchestral part. The jacket is lavish in praise (mostly Andre Maurois's) of Casadesus, but could have directed more attention to his cadenzas.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 7 in A. George Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra. Epic BC 1066, $5.98.	Szell's excellent orchestra does his bidding to a man, to a breath, or a bow stroke, and sometimes the consequences, as at the ends of the first and last movements, are decidedly impressive. However, he is not so successful in appraising the emotional content, so that the result tends to be an exercise in musical semantics rather than a rounded statement of esthetic purpose. Both the allegretto and the scherzo are fast for my taste (and possibly for Beethoven's; Klaus George Roy's notes remind us that he considered labeling the second movement andante rather than allegretto). Fine stereo.
Debussy: "Iberia"; Ibert: "Escales"; Ravel: "Alborada del Gracioso." Leopold Stokowski conducting the French National Radio Orchestra. Capitol SP 8463, $5.98.	There is plentiful splash and glitter in these performances, but hardly as much of the atmosphere of the places visited musically (Spain, Palermo, Tunis, Valencia, etc.) or of the personality of the leader. Perhaps this is because the French players have a strongly personal flavor of their own, and do not yield it so readily to Stokowski's kind of imagery as their American counterparts. Of the three works, the best results, to my taste, are achieved in the Ravel. The stereo is impressive at a high volume level, but loses definition below it.
Delius: "Florida" Suite, "Dance Rhapsody" No. 2, and "Over the Hills and Far Away." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Capitol SG 7193, $5.98.	Thanks to Beecham's enthusiasm for the works of his countryman, we have here audible evidence of the music which prompted Grieg to urge Delius, Sr., to permit his son to follow a musical career rather than succeed him in the woolen business. The "Florida" Suite of the twenty-eight-year-old Delius is remarkable evidence of a musical disposition asserting itself in spite of a limited technique: but if it persuaded Grieg that Delius might eventually compose such a work as "Over the Hills and Far Away" it performed a noble mission. Of itself, it is picturesque, melodious, and utterly sincere in its lack of pretense, which sometimes becomes a cause for the attention to wander. Beecham realizes every value it contains, as he also does, in larger measure (because there is more to work with), in the two other works. Particularly good string and woodwind sound.
Enesco: Symphony No. 1 in E flat. Rumanian State Symphony conducted by Georges Georgescu. Artia ALP 118, $4.98.	The composer's typical qualities abound in this work of 1906—facile melodic invention, sure sense of structure, strong artistic purpose. Probably if there were more Rumanian conductors outside Rumania, it would be heard more often. Georgescu, who served as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic thirty years ago, makes an eloquent case for the work of his senior countryman, and the orchestra is at least competent. However, not much can be said for the recording, which reminds one of the time of dead studios and contracted frequency response. In such circumstances the statement on the sleeve—"The use of stereophonic equipment will only enhance the brilliance of this record"—is not only misleading but ludicrous.
Gershwin: "American in Paris," "Rhapsody in Blue." Leonard Bernstein conducting and as pianist with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia MS 6091, $5.98.	A better performance of the "American in Paris" would be hard to find, for Bernstein brings to it not only a strong sense of its musical idiom, but also superior technical means for getting at the core of Gershwin's instrumentation—by no means a simple problem. However, I find my sense of the "Rhapsody" considerably at variance with his, from the overproduction of the opening to the pompous declaration of the finale. Comparison with the score shows that there are verbal clues to almost all of Bernstein's options, but his evaluation of them results in a performance that disagrees with every responsible one that has been heard for decades. The net effect is to make the piece sound twice as long as most other cut versions, and vulgar rather than high-spirited.
Mahler: "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen," "Kindertotenlieder." Maureen Forrester, mezzo, with Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2371, $5.98.	The introspective character of these two works and the easily flowing tempi favored by Munch are both equally favorable to the best attributes of the Forrester voice, which has never been so beautifully reproduced as in these grooves. Moreover, her ever more refined command of it (and the color of which it is capable) adds dimensions of interest to her appealing performances. Some of the stresses of "In diesem Wetter" are "against the grain" of the voice, but it is, altogether, an accomplishment of which all involved can be proud. This includes the technicians, for the Boston ensemble has rarely been more faithfully served.
Mendelssohn: Symphony in A; Tchaikovsky: "Capriccio Italien"; Wolf: "Italian Serenade." William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Capitol SP8515, $5.98.	If this is not the best-sounding record Steinberg has made in Pittsburgh it is as good as any and better than most. As much may be said, qualitatively, of the Mendelssohn symphony and the Wolf serenade, both of them beautifully performed, with discretion as well as warmth, and with very well chosen tempi. However, it strikes a jarring note to juxtapose these refined, carefully organized works with the splashy "Capriccio Italien," especially as Steinberg turns such a scholarly eye on its organization that the sparkle it may give off in some treatments is thoroughly dulled.
Mozart: Concerto in B flat (K. 191). Gwydion Brooke, bassoon, with Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham. Concerto in A (K. 622). Jack Brymer, clarinet, with the same. Capitol SG 7201, $5.98.	Sir Thomas and the first-chair men of his wind section come together in a pair of collaborations that are more than customarily a meeting of minds. For everything about these warm-hearted, sure-handed efforts is cut from the some cloth: the cast and color of the string playing, the joints and fittings of the phrases. Particular note might be made of the clarinet concerto, for which Beecham's daringly slow tempo (the marking *is* adagio) is sustained through a flow of broadly sonorous phrases by Brymer. His finale, too, is suppleness itself. Brooke is no less excellent a bassoonist, but the work itself is slighter in scale. The sound is admirably proportioned.
Sibelius: Concerto in D minor, "Tapiola." Tossy Spivakovsky, violin, with Tauno Hannikainen conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Everest LPBR 6045, $4.40.	As well as being a master of its technical detail, Spivakovsky has some powerfully persuasive ideas about the musical thinking it contains. Possibly because he has a stronger than average bow arm, he can dig into the total texture and make audible certain things that tend to elude even the well-equipped average violinist. In this he is completely supported by Hannikainen, who is a Sibelius communicator, as well as compatriot, as the second-side "Tapiola" testifies. Uncommonly good orchestral-instrumental balance. —Irving Kolodin.

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LETTERS TO THE
RECORDINGS EDITOR

POTOCKA—CON AND PRO

JAN HOLCMAN's defense of the authenticity of the Chopin-Potocka correspondence [*SR*, Feb. 27], although very persuasive, either ignores or glosses over a number of significant points which would support Arthur Hedley's rejection of the documents as spurious. While one may indeed smile at Hedley's puritanical objections to the "coarseness" of many of the letters and while the suicide of Mme. Czernicka is admittedly only circumstantial evidence, the fact remains that the most informed of Chopin scholars in and outside of Poland now consider the Potocka correspondence a forgery because of numerous internal inconsistencies and factual errors in the letters themselves.

In Volume I of the "Correspondence de Frederic Chopin," published by Richard-Masses of Paris some six years ago, the editor, Bronislas Sydow, the eminent Polish musicologist and Chopin authority, accepted the letters as authentic despite some doubts. However, in Volume II (pp. 339-401) he reverses his position and gives detailed reasons for so doing. He notes first the decidedly dubious behavior of both Mme. Czernicka and her assistant, Mme. Kossakowska, in their relations with Mme. Edouard Ganche, Wierzynski, and Sydow himself when the question of selling the letters arose. He then continues that the texts of the correspondence contain numerous proofs of their apocryphal nature. For example, one of the undated letters refers to the publication of the Etudes and also to the famous Polish poet Cyprien Norwid. The letter speaks of him as a writer of fame already established in Paris and as of Chopin's approximate age and generation. However, the Etudes appeared in 1833 and 1836 and Norwid, having been born in 1821, would have been somewhere between twelve and fifteen, at which time he was still living in Poland. Another serious dating inconsistency is noted with regard to Sigismond Krasinski, a Polish poet of the period, who was one of Potocka's lovers. Sydow also cites points of obvious error in the letters raised by Hedley relating to the interior disposition of the Chateau de Nohant, trips taken by Liszt, the composition of the seventeenth Prelude and the Concerto in F minor, the city of London in 1848, and many more. Sydow quotes Professor Miketta, who holds the chair of Chopinology at Cracow and who has had ample opportunity to examine the texts at first hand, as declaring the whole correspondence to be "a falsification." He concludes by denouncing the letters as a fraud comparable to the "Chopin Diary" foisted on the public in 1907.

If Poland's two leading Chopin authorities, on the basis of such evidence as just cited, are willing to reverse themselves and concede that the letters are a forgery, it is difficult to accept Mr. Holcman's arguments. If, as he claims, Hedley had prestige to lose in admitting the authenticity of the documents, Holcman has much more to lose if they are proved fraudulent, as his book "The Legacy of Chopin" and several of his articles have drawn very heavily from the letters in question. It is unfortunate that emotion, wounded professional pride, and arguments *ad hominem* have been permitted to obscure the sober facts in the case. Any objective historian asked to assess the Potocka letters as valid documents would reject them out of hand as spurious. Surely, the standards of responsible musicology demand a similar rejection.

ROBERT R. HOWARD.

Milwaukee, Wis.

A REACTION like that of Mr. Howard was to be expected, and it arrived with a mathematical punctuality; it gives an excellent opportunity to further enlighten readers about this controversy.

All of Mr. Howard's (i.e., Mr. Hedley's) objections have been known to me for a long time, and by now they sound—pardon me—like a broken record, and outdated as well. The supposed inconsistencies mentioned by Mr. Howard were most likely caused—as I already pointed out in my article—by an *arbitrary montage of disrelated fragments*. Mrs. Czernicka herself admitted to Mr. Sydow that she was "a jackass in Chopinology." Therefore we may find a fragment with Norwid attached to another one written some twelve years later (in my original text, which had to be cut due to lack of space, I gave some explanations referring to the alleged contradiction with the seventeenth Prelude). I have also pointed out that some fragments might have been inaccurately copied, and I would not be surprised if the mysterious "additional ones" had been composed by those who would give everything to prove forgery. Also the controversies about Krasinski, George Sand's lover, etc., have been sufficiently clarified by Professor Glinski in his extensive essay ("Ruch Muzyczny," Warsaw, December 15, 1958). In this essay Mr. Glinski produced correspondence from Mr. Hedley containing some embarrassing contradictions never explained by Mr. Hedley, who so far has failed to produce any "scientific evidence" to prove forgery.

Now, to compare the apocryphal 1907 "Chopin Diary" with Potocka material shows nothing but an astonishing lack of objectivity. Even inexperienced observers will be able to see why these two sources differ as much as a mazurka by a Godard differs from one by Chopin. Mr. Howard's letter suggests that he has learned no more about this case than he wished. Among his "most informed scholars" he has not included such outstanding Polish authorities as Professor Jachimecki and Professor Stromenger, who have used the Chopin-Potocka letters in their published works. An equally informed researcher is Mr. Glinski, who lectured on this subject only a few weeks ago in Warsaw. Mr. Hedley happened to be in the audience. In his letter of February 23, 1960, Mr. Glinski reports: "After my lecture, I asked Mr. Hedley to take a part in the discussion. Pressed for an answer, he began to *cry* (Glinski's emphasis), and the dispute was interrupted . . . I only could say that I had a different idea about the freedom of discussion . . . ."

Finally, the official report of the recent International Musicological Congress in Warsaw, which was devoted to Chopin, reads: "As it has been agreed that the establishment of the authenticity of the letters is a matter of such importance for the study of Chopin as a man, the following resolution has been adopted: The sixth section of the congress appeals to the presidium of the congress that, after the plenary session has given its consent, an institution selected by the presidium of the congress should make a scientific and impartial study designed to establish whether or not Chopin's correspondence with Delphine Potocka can be accepted as authentic and that appropriate conclusions should be drawn from the results of the study." (We expect to hear in the future about the congress's decision.)

As for my own book on Chopin, it was a pleasant surprise to find Mr. Howard among my careful readers, but his allusions to "wounded pride" have misfired: this volume was my first attempt to write in English and represented only moderate ambitions. Nevertheless, the book contained a clear statement that my conclusions were arrived at independently of the challenged Potocka material. Strange as it may seem to some, I am not really concerned about who will "win" the argument over Potocka. Could I have found more genuine evidence against authenticity than Mr. Hedley claims to have discovered, I would gladly have reversed my views as to some fragments without the slightest hesitation.

As for Mr. Howard's contention that "any objective historian" would consider these letters spurious, the above mentioned congress so far has shown more objectivity than Mr. Howard himself, who *didn't* propose further investigation about the whole controversy. For a more detailed reply, I hereby cordially invite Mr. Howard to my studio, where he can examine in peace all the extensive material encouraging my conclusions.

JAN HOLCMAN.

New York, N. Y.

SERIAL CLICHES

OLIVER DANIEL, in his review of Morton Feldman's music [*SR*, Feb. 13], speaks of Feldman's healthy avoidance of the clichés of serial music. To regard serial technique in composition as merely a sort of fad is an injustice if not downright foolish. It would be equally ridiculous to say that the most healthy aspect of Beethoven's music is its use of tonality. Both are merely systems for the organization of otherwise useless sounds, and both are capable of near-infinite variation and development. Since Feldman uses neither, I am curious to know just what it is that gives his music meaning. Certainly the sounds he achieves are little different from those obtained serially, so it seems pointless to say that his method is especially healthy. I doubt seriously that the average ear would discern Feldman's lack of serial organization were it not for Frank O'Hara's comments which ac-

(*Continued on page 62*)

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Concerto in the Italian Style, Partita No. 2, Toccata and Fugue in E minor. Robert Casadesus, piano. Columbia MS 6120, $5.98.	There is typically good execution in the Concerto and Toccata, but rather more of a brisk, business-like manner than is appropriate to the material. However, once he is into the Partita, which occupies Side 2, the best qualities of Casadesus's art and his fine feeling for contrapuntal design begin to assert themselves. The recording is the first in a series to mark the twenty-fifth year of Casadesus's American career. Excellent stereo.
Bach: "Jesu, meine Freude," "Christ lag in Todesbanden." Robert Shaw Chorale. RCA Victor LSC 2273, $5.98.	Shaw's recent attention to orchestral conducting has yielded some benefits to his work in the field in which he has long specialized which are, if not surprising, nevertheless welcome. Among them is a refinement of balance among instrumental and vocal elements, contributing a degree of lightness and clarity that makes listening a joy. Especially in the "Allelujas" of "Christ lag in Todesbanden," the running comment moves swiftly but always with precision against the sustained tones. Hugh Porter, organ, Harvey Shapiro, cello, and Alvin Brehm, bass, are the assisting performers. Manhattan Center has been utilized to advantage for the stereo sound.
Barber: "Summer Music"; Nielsen: Quintet. Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet. Columbia MS 6114, $5.98.	Here is the rarest and most rewarding of recorded experiences—two unfamiliar works of almost equal quality, performed in flawless manner by men who are as good artists as they are technicians. As their names (Robert Cole, flute, Anthony Gigliotti, clarinet, Mason Jones, horn, Sol Schoenbach, bassoon, and John de Lancie, oboe) will suggest, they are all members of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Barber's fanciful, beautifully written work (a Detroit commission in 1956) fuses his best qualities—melodic invention and contrapuntal dexterity—with binding instrumental texture. The Nielsen is more conventional in its attributes, but also of refreshing quality. Fine sound.
Beethoven: Octet in E flat, Op. 103; Mozart: Serenade in E flat (K.375). Chamber Music Society of Prague. Vanguard VSD 2043, $5.95.	The appearance of this stereo version will remind some that it was this work (not having been previously recorded) which symbolized the Age of Abundance when it appeared almost simultaneously in two versions in the early years of LP. Now that it is also available in two stereo versions (the other on the Counterpoint label), one may expect anything to appear in two-channel form. The Prague professors play beautifully, encased in that pocket of resonant air which Seymour Solomon of Vanguard seems to carry around with him. The Mozart is especially successful, comparable in technical values with the American version noted below, with some distinctive lyric attributes of its own.
Chopin: Sonata in B minor; Liszt: "Sonetto del Petrarca 123"; Rachmaninoff: Four Preludes, etc. Claudette Sorel, piano. Monitor MC 2044, $4.98.	Since her Town Hall debut in 1943 at the age of eleven, Miss Sorel has developed a warmly sympathetic musical personality while expanding a technical command that embraces a fine sound as well as ample agility. She is at her best in the briefer pieces, especially the Liszt "Sonetto" and Raff's "La Fileuse." The sonata also has some fine moments, but her strongest impulse, it appears to me, is to lyric rather than dramatic music. Good reproduction from a session in Town Hall. The preludes are in B minor, E flat, A minor, and D minor, and Moszkowski's "Etincelles" is also included.
Delibes: "Lakmé" (excerpts). Lily Pons, Charles Friant, Leila Ben-Sedira, Villabella, etc. Odéon ORX 111, $4.98.	The cover of this issue is decorated by a fetching photo of the very young Pons as Lakmé, prompting the observation that even if the face is not familiar the navel is. However, only one of the eleven segments is sung by her, and that is not the "Bell Song" but "Pourquoi dans les grands bois" from Act I, done in a light, supple voice. Ben-Sedira has a plausible voice for the other specialities of Lakmé, and Villabella's "Ah, viens dans la forêt profonde" is excellent, up to a dubious high tone at the end. Otherwise the talent is secondary, the recording fourth-rate (even for its age).
Liszt: Etudes Transcendentales. Gunnar Johansen, piano. A. D. records, $6.00.	Johansen is not only a brave man, but also an able one in this elaborate undertaking. His conceptions are always sound, his mechanical means at least sizable enough to make his endeavor more than a matter of vanity. What is lacking is the kind of encompassing control to permit concentration on interpretative concerns alone. This happens now and again in the slower etudes, but elsewhere the execution tends to become muddy and undefined. A.D. means "Artist Direct," the address being Blue Mounds, Wisconsin. Fairly good sound, but not equal to the commercial norm.
Mozart: Serenades No. 11 in E flat (K. 375), No. 12 in C minor (K. 388). Newell Jenkins conducting a woodwind octet. Everest SDBR 3042, $4.40.	The performers are all capable, if partial to the American style of woodwind playing, in which precision and strength are rated higher on the esthetic scale than expressivity or refinement. They have been blended into an integrated unit under the direction of Jenkins, but he tends to emphasize qualities they possess in abundance—clean articulation, sharp rhythmic definition—to the neglect of warmly turned phrases or lyric rapture. The recording per se is excellent, though more stress at the low end would provide a bass in which it is somewhat deficient.
Pasquini: "Al tramontar del giorno," Mozart: "Misero, o sogno," etc. Cesare Valletti, tenor, with Leo Taubman, piano. RCA Victor LM 2411, $4.98.	Included on this disc is some of the best singing Cesare Valletti did at his recital last October in Town Hall, plus some not so good, all embedded in layers of applause. Whether an audience should pay to be present at a recording session is one consideration: that a record buyer should have his property—presumably meant for repeated listening—eternally punctuated by handclapping is another, and, in my view, unwarranted. As noted at the time, Valletti sang his Pasquini, Mozart, and Berlioz artistically, his Wolf less so. Well worth note are Obradors's "Tres Morillas" and "Del Cabello más sutil." The encores include Cilèa's "Lamento di Federico," which sits heavily on his vocal span. Leo Taubman at the piano provides excellent support. The recording is rather close up and dead, the voice not as pleasing to the ear as in the hall.
Schubert: Quartet in D minor ("Death and the Maiden"), C minor quartet movement. Juilliard String Quartet. RCA Victor LM 2378, $4.98.	There need be little hesitation in describing this as a great specimen of quartet playing, which is not quite the same thing as the great performance of a quartet. Robert Mann and his present associates (Isadore Cohen, Raphael Hillyer, viola, and Claus Adam, cello) have developed a phenomenally integrated ensemble, with some effects at the lower end of the dynamic scale to rival the legendary Flonzaleys. For this, however, they sacrifice breadth and intensity in some of the song-variations, which is not why one plays Schubert. The scherzo and finale are more robust. "You are there" recording in this work, and in the brilliantly played C minor *satz*, an appealing encore. —I. K.

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The Amen Corner

Old Home Week

THIS COLUMN, as its readers know, is devoted chiefly to modern jazz rather than earlier expressions of the art. This is partly so because I feel that the best of the new professors are remarkable and deserve more recognition than they are likely to get, and partly because most of the jazz now played in earlier modes, such as Dixieland, seems to me far less interesting than its classic prototypes; and, finally, because much classic jazz has long been available on LP.

Now and then, however, reissues are offered which, for one reason or another, seem to me irresistible. There are two such this month. One is "Kings of Classic Jazz" (Riverside RLP 12-131) which, to be exact, features twelve kings and one queen. The earliest performance is James P. Johnson's limpid, lightly melancholy piano solo of "Loveless Love," recorded from his QRS piano roll of 1921. The latest effort is the haunting "Dallas Blues," made in 1953 by the New Orleans clarinet veteran George Lewis and his rhythm section. But most of the playing in between is of the Twenties, and galactic stuff it is. Here is Ma Rainey surging through her magnificent "See See Rider Blues," with accompanists including Louis Armstrong and the trombonist Charlie Green, and the dancing cornet of Freddie Keppard in "Stockyard Strut." The clarinetist Johnny Dodds offers his agitating "Oriental Man," and the patriarchal trumpet of King Oliver is heard in "Bimbo" with Clarence Williams's solid mahogany jazz band. The white jazz pioneers are represented by the New Orleans Rhythm Kings' "Maple Leaf Rag" and Bix Beiderbecke's "Lazy Daddy" with the Wolverines. There are piano solos by Jelly Roll Morton ("Mamamita") and Jimmy Yancey ("Yancey Limited"), and excellent latter-day offerings by bands full of hallowed traditionalists, such as Kid Ory's "Weary Blues" and Sidney Bechet's "Song of the Medina." All in all, this is one of the richest companies of historic jazzmen on a single LP.

My second suggestion is "Mr. Jelly Lord: Jelly Roll Morton" (Riverside RLP 12-131). In 1938 Morton made his famous series of recordings for the Library of Congress; they consisted of piano solos, piano playing with singing, long narrations, and talk with the folk music specialist Alan Lomax, who arranged the sessions. On the new LP, Morton's piano solos are extracted and reprocessed, with many advantages in the way of balance, sonority, and what

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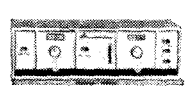

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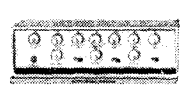

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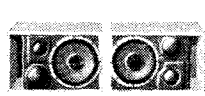

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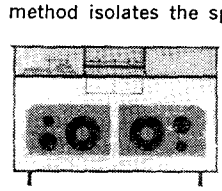

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: FOLK MUSIC

PERFORMER, TITLES, DATA	REPORT
"Folk Festival at Newport." Volume I includes "Abiyoyo," "Hey Daroma," "Sinner Man," ten others, performed by Pete Seeger, Martha Schlamme, Leon Bibb, Tom Makem, etc. Volume II includes "Joshua," "Little Maggie," "Dink's Blues," ten others, performed by Odetta, Joan Baez, Bob Gibson, the New Lost City Ramblers, etc. Volume III includes "Pretty Saro," "Lady Gay," "Jalisco," fourteen others, performed by Earl Scruggs, Jean Ritchie, Oscar Brand, John Jacob Niles, Frank Hamilton, Frank Warner, Cynthia Gooding, and Ed McCurdy. Vanguard VRS 9062, 9063, and 9064, each $4.98.	To the Newport Festival last July trooped a remarkable cross-section of the professional folk singers of America—the blue-grass banjo pickers and the country fiddlers, the art singers and the blues singers, the night-club performers and the backwoods balladeers—some famous, some obscure, all firmly imbued with the gospel of the people's music. On three new LPs, Vanguard has culled the best, and quite an impressive array of talent it is. The complete list of artists may be found in the column to the left; here, space permits only the briefest mention of a few highlights. In Volume I, I would certainly list Pete Seeger's powerful version of a Welsh coal miner's protest song, "The Bells of Rhymney," and Irishman Tom Makem's free-wheeling salute to that good old "Mountain Dew." Volume II is especially notable for a quartet of Odetta's unique interpretations, along with two blues sung by another forceful young talent, Barbara Dane. Volume III, offering the greatest variety of the three, includes one of John Jacob Niles's histrionic yet strangely affecting performances, as well as several samples of the five-string banjo wizardry of Earl Scruggs.
"My Lord What A Mornin' ": Harry Belafonte with the Belafonte Folk Singers conducted by Bob Corman. "Wake Up Jacob," "Ezekiel," "Oh Freedom," "Buked and Scorned," "Were You There?" "Oh Let Me Fly," "Swing Low," "March Down to Jordan," "Steal Away," "My Lord What a Morning," "By 'n' By." Victor LPM 2022, $3.98.	There are those for whom Harry Belafonte can do no wrong, but I cannot help feeling that this collection of spirituals does not, by and large, show off the master to best advantage. Although his customary warmth and intensity are here in abundant measure, his love of vocal "tricks" frequently tends to eclipse the simplicity of the music. There is, too, a certain aura of rehearsed spontaneity about some of the livelier numbers, which are couched in a vigorous, but definitely pseudo, gospel style. All of which is not to say that the album is without its rewarding moments: Belafonte's performances (and those of the accompanying Belafonte Singers) are, as always, quite stimulating, and several are thoroughly delightful.
"Behind the Great Wall": songs and sounds of China, recorded by Robert Menegoz. "The Little Mill," "Song of the Porters," "Meeting of the Joys," "Cotton Spinning Song," "Music of a Marriage Procession," "A Children's Reading Lesson," "New Year's Celebration," etc. Monitor MP 325, $4.98.	Recorded a few years back for a documentary film, "Behind the Great Wall" offers an uncommonly intriguing glimpse of life inside modern China. Arrangements of traditional airs for various instrumental and vocal combinations alternate with such elements as the chants of dockworkers in Shanghai, the wail of a soybean merchant in Peking, the cheers of peasants as the first locomotive chugs over a newly built viaduct, and the booming whistles of ships along the Yangtze. As fascinating as this material is, it obviously does not lend itself to casual, offhand listening.
"Folklore Romane in Hi Fi": "Cintec de Joc," "Marinika," "Inima Dece Nu Vrei," "Piatra Piatra," "Momirlaneasca," nine others. Artia ALP 115, $4.98; "Rumania, Rumania": "Hora Lui Nata," "Gaida," "Sirba," "Musama," "Vlasca Melody," eight others. Artia ALP 116, $4.98.	A perfectly matched pair, these discs comprise another colorful and often fascinating sound travelogue, with ALP 115 offering a panorama of vocal styles, and ALP 116 confining itself primarily to the instrumental side of the Rumanian musical coin. Interest in the latter album centers about the exotic-sounding instruments: the lute-like "cobza," for instance, the bamboo "pipes of Pan," the piercing bagpipes, and the "torogoata," or wood saxophone, among others. ALP 115, the more vivid of the two albums, contains love songs, wedding dances, shepherds' tunes and passionate gypsy ballads, exhilaratingly performed by seven excellent vocalists and several folk orchestras.
"The Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company, Volume II": "Bagobo Festival Dance," "Polka Sala," "Binasuan," "Kalinga Wedding Dance," "Tinikling," "Mazurka Bohol ana," "Carinosa," "Ifugao Festival Dance," "Asik," "Bakya Dance," twelve others. Monitor MF 330, $4.98.	As was the case with the first volume of Bayanihan dances (MF 322), the program here is often one of startling contrasts, with frenetic, almost barbaric native dances side by side with mild-mannered little salon pieces in waltz and polka rhythms. In most of the numbers, the melodies of the basic "rondalla," or string band, are sharply punctuated by all manner of unusual sounds—the clacking of coconut shells, the clanging of gongs, and sometimes even the thumping of the dancers themselves—all of which impart excitement and a piquant, exotic flavor to music which would otherwise seem rather commonplace.
"Songs of Korea": Han Pyung Sook, soprano, with folk instruments and the Korean Folk Choir; "Arirang," "Dan-So," "Yang Sahn Do," "Toraji Tahryung," "Pahgyun Pockpo," "Kahng Gang Sool Le," "Nong-Boo-Gah," "Nil Li Ri A," "Jin-Do Arirang," six others. Request RLP 8031 (Stereo), $5.98.	The music of Korea has been, at best, sparsely represented in the American LP catalogues, so this collection of fifteen traditional songs comes as a most welcome addition. The opening "Arirang" is the only number likely to be familiar to non-Koreans, but the program would seem to have enough variety and universal appeal to be acceptable to most occidental ears. The featured soloist, Han Pyung Sook, is the leading soprano of the Korean Opera in Seoul, and although one often feels that her voice is somewhat too full and imposing for the graceful, delicately shaded melodies, her singing readily conveys her obvious love for her people's music.
"The Grail Singers": "Hopsa Schwabenliesel," "The Caravan Song," "Muzinge," "Billy Grimes," "La Calandria," "La Pastorela," "Soontree Lullaby," "The Deer and the Doe," "Come All You Fair and Tender Ladies," "Oro se Vije," "Kuckuck," "New Flower Drum Song," "Sweet William," eight others. Folkways FW 8775, $5.95.	The Grail, an international Catholic youth movement that includes women of some thirty-seven countries, emphasizes the sharing of songs as one of the most effective ways of promoting mutual understanding among the peoples of the world. A worthy precept, it is put into highly effective practice by the young ladies at Grailville in Loveland, Ohio, the main center of the movement in North America. As heard in this album, the performers sing with verve and gusto, capturing exceedingly well the spirit of such widely divergent musical forms as an Irish lullaby, a Macedonian dance tune, and a lament from the North of China. The songs themselves are unhackneyed, the arrangements always in simple, good taste; and even if the unrelenting diet of female voices tends to pale after a while, the warm spontaneity of the singing imbues the disc with a special charm all its own.
"American High Schools Sing American Folk Songs": "Old Woman," "Bound for the Promised Land," "Lolly Too Dum," "Poor Homeless Stranger," "Dunderbeck," "Wanderin' ", "Yellow Rose of Texas," "I'm Goin' Away," "Erie Canal," "Lone Prairie," "Chisholm Trail," "O My Soul," "Cowboy Prayer," "Sad and Lonely," "Lonesome Valley," two others. Request RLP 8036 (Stereo), $5.98.	It has always been a mystery to me how high school glee clubs can maintain any kind of musical standards, with their ranks swollen by youngsters who can barely hold a pitch, and who, as often as not, derive their primary interest in vocalizing from the fact that it is an acceptable substitute for clay-modeling or some other equally dreaded activity. The fact remains, however, that many of these clubs do maintain such standards, and proof comes in this attractive set of folk tunes, performed by seventeen high school choirs from all over the country. (Actually, it's sixteen—one of the clubs is a ringer from the City College in Baltimore!) The overall quality of the singing here is quite high, considering the sources, and the refreshing, hearty spirit of the youthful choristers more than compensates for any lapses in technical or interpretive accuracy. —Robert Sherman.

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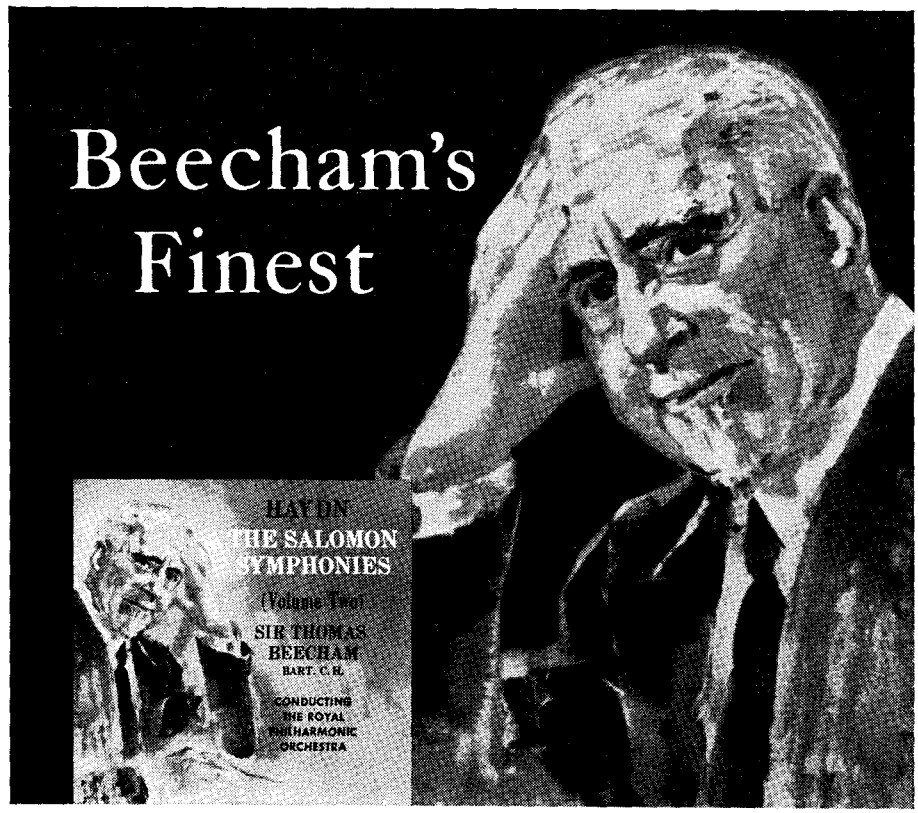
would appear to have been a correction of tempi (I assume that the original recording machinery was not altogether trustworthy). The result is a striking program of Morton in his most inventive and poetic form. If I had to choose one piano achievement of the great man it would be his tangoish "Creepy Feeling," a kind of lazy Latin revery which seems to proceed wholly from feeling, without any thought for the keyboard patterns. On three themes, Jelly has built one of the masterpieces of jazz piano. The program also includes, among other treasures, "The Pearls."

Two new piano albums by André Previn are at hand. There is a certain amount of bearded bigotry in jazz criticism today which likes to insist that Previn is not a jazz pianist at all, presumably because his inheritance from nineteenth-century European musical forms is quite as clear as his love for the blues idiom. But I have long maintained that any music is jazz if it is centered on improvisation in the suspended (swing) rhythms of jazz. Regarded from this viewpoint, Previn clearly belongs. Surely there is room for other styles of jazz than those which may be called New Orleans, Dixieland, Chicago, be-bop, cool, hard-bop, etc. The difficulty is obviously semantic. I stand on my previous description of Previn as the outstanding romantic jazz pianist in the public ear today.

FOR example, there is his new LP of songs by Jerome Kern (Contemporary M3567). Here are themes and variations in the grand syncopated manner. If you are as tired as I am of the strains of "Old Man River," you may hear Previn reanimate the old song in a glinting fashion which mercifully avoids the declamatory mood. If you, like me, can scarcely get enough of "They Didn't Believe Me," you may hear Previn presents a version which, as Vernon Duke says in his program notes, "sounds to me like a Chopin Nocturne were Chopin a darling of a 1959 salon, and were he permitted to wear his gently jazz-laden heart on an immaculately tailored sleeve." If you think you know all of Kern, you may have forgotten, or may never have heard, the haunting "Go Little Boat."

The Previn who takes the blues direction is strongly evident in his new "King Size!" trio album, with Red Mitchell's superb bass and Frankie Capp at the drums (Contemporary M 3570). Two indigo originals, "Much Too Late" and "Low and Inside," especially reveal him as a pianist who can movingly combine his European and American influences. If he is not strictly in the barrel house, he is securely in the flexible world of modern jazz music —WILDER HOBSON.



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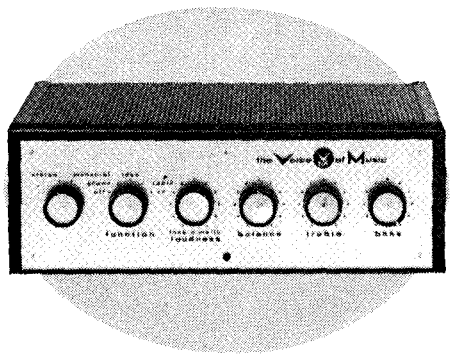

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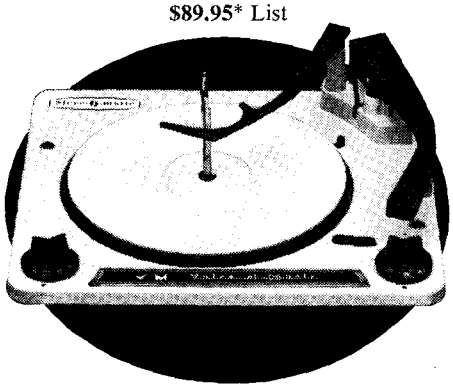

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The "How" of Jazz Improvisation

By WILLIAM RUSSO

JOHN MEHEGAN's "**Jazz Improvisation: Tonal and Rhythmic Principles**" (Watson-Guptill, $15) is the first work of its kind. The market has offered a few booklets about improvisation but they have dealt with fragments at best. This work is extremely well organized and is thought out in excellent detail. It cannot be too highly recommended.

It is often argued that improvisation cannot be taught, that the jazz player must learn his skills through his ears and his soul. This misunderstanding has impeded the progress of jazz. The jazzman is told that instruction in improvising is useless and will inhibit him, that it is a restriction of freedom and of spirituality. And further, that the inchoate or the mechanical is the result of too much training—the book-taught jazzman can't make real music.

But jazz improvisation *has* been taught from the beginning. The jazzman has always asked the more experienced player to help him. Indeed, there are a few men like Lennie Tristano who have been teaching on an organized and formal basis during the last two decades.

The teaching of jazz improvisation has been on two levels. The first is the structural or mechanical. It includes an explanation of the harmonic framework of the music, instruction in playing the instrument, and the general tricks of the trade: how to embellish the melody, what notes to add to the chords, the order of the solo performances, etc.

The second level of teaching views improvisation as a form of composition. It deals with the curves of melodies, the tendencies of tones, the continuation and fulfillment and wholeness of the improvised melody.

Tristano's teaching embraces the two levels. The second level is more recent. Mr. Mehegan's book is written primarily at the first level and here it operates extremely well.

The good qualities of the book are numerous. Mr. Mehegan has reinstituted the figured bass of Baroque music. This technique, which relates the chords to the key center, allows the musician to know the relationships between chords (the C chord is the V in the key of F; the G chord is the V in the key of C; and the V chord has certain observable tendencies which can be more easily seen in relationship to one framework—the Roman numeral—than to each of the twelve different keys) and gives him greater facility with all keys.

After the improviser has learned the basic harmonic framework of a piece, he must be able to add tones to its chords. Mr. Mehegan has used the fairly standardized method of explaining chordal elaboration and has done it in a very satisfactory way. In addition to added tones, the text includes the use of scales against the chords. These scales contain the basic chordal tones, added chordal tones, and some non-chordal tones. I find the list of added tones incomplete—rather, lopsided. Some of the added tones are especially piquant and acidulous (the augmented 11th with the major type chord, for example); but the major 7th of a minor type chord is not included. In forming the scales against the chords, Mr. Mehegan employs a modal terminology which will get results. This modal nomenclature is confusing, though, and is quite offhand at times.

ONE of the real advantages of this text is that it deals with very elementary and very practical problems. Among these is the reduction of the piano sheet music to meaningful and usable form. Most piano sheet music is filled with unnecessary frills and contains inadequate chordal symbols and bad bass lines—often in conflict with each other. Mr. Mehegan shows how the harmony can be cleaned up. Some piano sheet music is written in a different time signature from that used by the jazzman. "Tenderly," for example, is written as a waltz in its sheet music form, although it is played by the jazzman in 4/4 time. The text clearly explains how the change from 3/4 to 4/4 can be made.

As a springboard to real improvising, Mr. Mehegan suggests an excellent and engrossing idea for the beginning student: the harmonic frame is chosen; a four-bar rhythmic pattern is assigned. This pattern is repeated throughout the length of the piece. Each time, presumably, the rhythm is filled with a different order of tones. This rhythmic technique is stimulating to the student and can also give some form to his improvisation.

Although many of the strictly technical exercises are for keyboard instru-

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ments only, the book is suitable for instruments other than the piano. Unfortunately, this is not sufficiently brought out. The introductory remarks should lay greater stress on the wide application of the text.

The defects of the book are few and do not seriously limit its value. I am bothered most by a lack of compositional awareness. This is, of course, a criticism of the book for not being what it doesn't attempt to be. However, the book is not a compendium of available material (in its very title it by-passes the whole New York anti-chord, anti-tonal school); it does stress a particular melodic construction method—and this method is not totally satisfactory.

The spelling of chords and notes in the text is very pianistic, in the worst sense. The major 3rd of an E chord, for example, cannot with any degree of logic be spelled as an A flat. The bad spelling will not affect the intonation of the piano as it will the other instruments, but it will harm the voice leading of the chords and of the melodic lines themselves. Mr. Mehegan should do what he can to clear this error in subsequent editions. Incidentally, the book would be thoroughly scholarly as well as practical except for the bad spelling and the muddled modal terminology.

THERE is an excessive use of chromatic dominant seventh chords throughout the text. These chords (the Locrian VI7, which in C would be A flat 7, is a chromatic dominant seventh, for example) give the harmonies a quality of falling down the stairs; in addition, they impose themselves upon the melodic lines, often marring what would otherwise be a fine flow of tones.

All in all, the book deserves reading and studying, even by jazz players who may be considerably advanced. It is an excellent codification of many jazz techniques, and it suggests some new ways of thinking about the improvisational process. It should be pointed out that the work is handsomely printed in large type and that the music examples are big and clear. The volume itself is oversized. Lastly, it is spiral bound and can be easily read at the piano; this is no small contribution.

Mr. Mehegan deserves a great deal of praise for a serious and worth-while achievement in writing about music.

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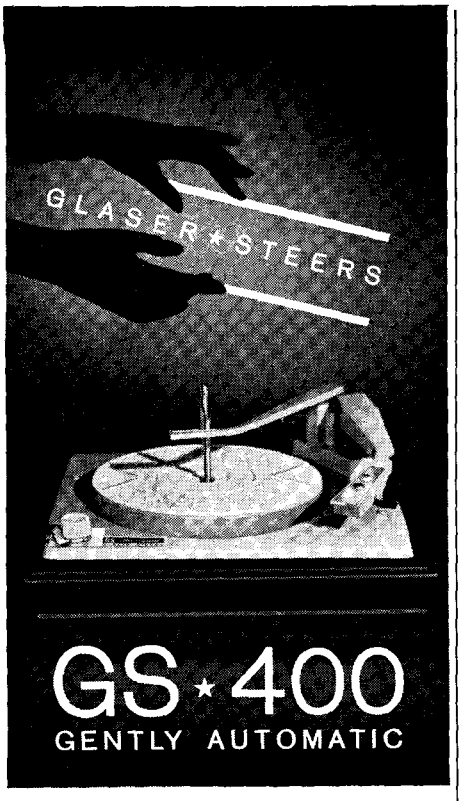

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Seven Stars

Continued from page 43

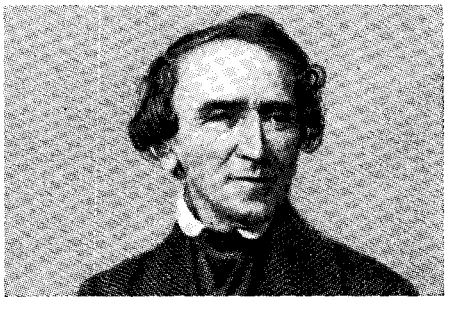
Fidès	Rita Gorr
Le Comte d'Obertal	Cesare Siepi
Zacharie	Fernando Corena
Mathisen	Frank Guarrera
Jonas	William Olvis

There are, it is true, a couple of stratospheric passages for Jean de Leyde, such as the chain of high B flats in Act II of the Pastorale, and the abrupt shifts from *forte* to *piano* (at the top of the voice) in the grand quartet at the close of the act, which would have to be "edited" if the part were taken by Mario del Monaco. Nevertheless, this writer can think of no other tenor who might bring to the role of Jean all of the dramatic excitement and weight of voice characteristic of Del Monaco at his best. A few discreet changes here and there should not greatly offend the purists (after all, how "pure" was Meyerbeer?); and a recorded version of "Le Prophète" would gain greatly through the presence of this singing actor. Rysanek's brilliant voice and ardent temperament would glorify the role of the high-flying Berthe, who nests among top C sharps; and Rita Gorr, a sumptuous artist, is equipped from every standpoint for the part of Fidès, probably the most demanding—and rewarding—mezzo-soprano assignment in or out of the repertoire. Siepi's excellent Silva, remembered from a recent "Ernani," puts him in mind for the kindred role of Obertal; and the three Anabaptists, motivating forces, should be taken by absolutely qualified artists. Such is the fire of the music in "Le Prophète," so tightly knit is the admirable dramatic structure provided by Scribe, that, in a recorded version by a cast of the above caliber, this opera could not fail.

"L'AFRICAINE"

Selika	Maria Callas
Inès	Lucine Amara
Anna	Nell Rankin
Vasco da Gama	Joao Gibin
Don Alvar	Eugenio Fernandi
Nélusko	Cornell MacNeil
Don Pedro	Giorgio Tozzi
Don Diego	Ezio Flagello
Grand Inquisitor	William Wildermann
The Priest of Brahma	Jerome Hines

For Selika, one needs a *prima donna assoluta.* Miss Callas is, of course, it. Fortunately, none of this music need tax her top tones (no single phrase rises above a B, and there are only a few of these); the melodic contours, alternately broad and melismatic, would seem made for the Callas voice, and the role for her dramatic temperament. In a "live" performance there might be some question of sufficient vocal weight against the large Meyerbeer orchestra; but in a recording this should present no problem—and Miss Callas would be striking in the part. Those who have heard Joao Gibin's Dick Johnson in Angel's recording of "La Fanciulla del West" (he is currently singing at La Scala) will recall the youth and vibrancy of his voice—a genuine *lirico spinto*—his fine musicianship, notable disinclination to slur, scoop, or sentimentalize. Mr. Gibin is a Brazilian; and since French has long been, unofficially, the second language of Brazil, one must assume that this singer would do justice to Scribe's original text. The secondary, but important, soprano role of Inès calls for a singer with Miss Amara's easy top and her bland general emission—a super Sophie without, however, Strauss's consistency of melodic texture. Anna, the servant of Inès, cannot be dismissed as a nonentity, since she takes part in the beautiful septet that closes the second act. Thus a distinguished mezzo like Miss Rankin would not be out of place. Neither, for the same reason, would



Meyerbeer—after 100 years, a fresh approach is needed.

Mr. Fernandi, in the minor part of Don Alvar, Vasco's companion. Nélusko, the famous baritone element in this opera, would find a first-line interpreter in Cornell MacNeil, powerfully voiced. Of the four bassos required for "L'Africaine," the somber Don Diego, father of Inès, could be well taken by Ezio Flagello; and the villainous Don Pedro, President of the Council at Lisbon, by the dynamic Mr. Tozzi. William Wildermann's sonorous tones would do ably by the Grand Inquisitor (a more amiable personage than his counterpart in Verdi's "Don Carlo"); and Jerome Hines, a sacerdotal expert, could be appropriately priestly as the prophet of Brahma.

Discreet cuts can, and should, be made. Not all of this weather-beaten music is worth saving. Skillful editing, by concentrating on the main dramatic line, could make these scores live again in most of their original splendor. Donizetti has been rediscovered in our time. Why not an infinitely bolder, more original genius of the theatre—Meyerbeer?

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Variations on Variations

BEN-HAIM: *"To the Chief Musician, Metamorphoses for Orchestra"*; RIEGGER: *Variations for Violin and Orchestra, Opus 71. The Louisville Orchestra, Robert Whitney conducting, Sidney Harth, violin.* Lou-601, $7.95.

Paul Ben-Haim chose the Forty-ninth Psalm as the model for his orchestral metamorphoses; it begins: "Hear this, all ye people; give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world; Both low and high, rich and poor, together." Musically, Ben-Haim aims for broadest listenership. Though he calls his work metamorphoses, it is a series of ten variations quite freely treated. In some he utilizes all or fragments of his initial theme; in others, as the work progresses, he develops ideas which germinated in previous variations. The basic theme is broad and Hebraic. It is first metamorphosed in character, then gradually becomes freer and more closely aligned with Ben-Haim's European background.

Riegger has described his work thus: "It consists of a theme and twelve variations, besides a cadenza. The theme, and hence the variations, are in a compact ternary or three-part song form. In its technique the work is dodecaphonic or twelve-tone, although certain of the variations have a way of deviating from the strict application of serial technique, a procedure which I felt to be justified under the circumstances." This work may someday take its place beside such distinguished predecessors as the violin concertos of Schoenberg and Berg. It is rigorous Riegger but characteristically his own.

One remarkable aspect of Riegger's handling of dodecaphonic materials is his capacity for humor. There are witty and satirical moments when double bass and tuba take over as the violin comments somewhat dryly. This is a rare work—a humorous, witty one that does not quite come off as it should in this recording. Riegger, unlike Ben-Haim, does not proclaim "hear this." He is as uncompromising as can be when he wishes to be himself, but Riegger is a master. This is music that does not beckon—it is not of the easy ear. By certain standards it is dry, but so is a martini.

The resourcefulness of Riegger in the development and evolution of serial techniques is far more impressive then the current efforts of Stravinsky. Here is music of youthful spirit that is meat for the new generation of composers. Soon to be seventy-five (on April 29), Riegger is emerging as one of the truly significant masters of our time. And time—I am convinced—will confirm it.

—OLIVER DANIEL.

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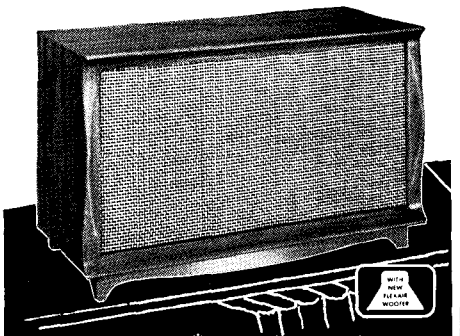

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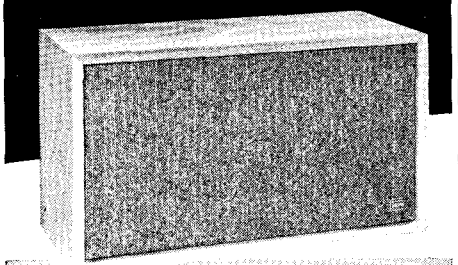

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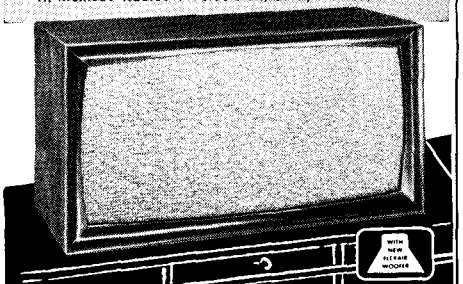

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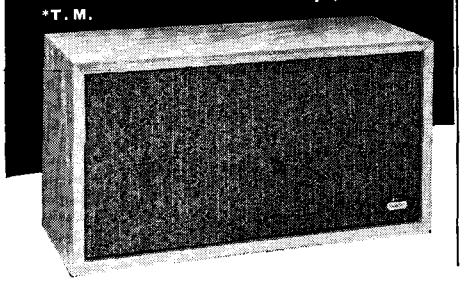

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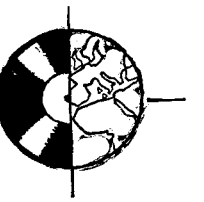

Richter, S., and Richter, K.

LONDON.

MOST EXCITING among the March releases, without doubt, is a pair of discs from DGG which provide further invaluable evidence relating to an artist rapidly becoming a legend among countless music-lovers who have never heard him in person. I refer, of course, to Sviatoslav Richter, whose temporary extradition from behind the Iron Curtain should be made an item on the agenda of the forthcoming summit conference. Like his recent, exciting Rachmaninoff issue, these recordings were made in Warsaw and involve that city's Philharmonic under its joint chiefs, Witold Rowicki and Stanislav Wislocki. One disc is entirely devoted to Schumann and contains the Introduction and Allegro Appassionato for Piano and Orchestra, the Novelette in F and the Toccata in C, in addition to the A minor Concerto; the other contains Mozart's D minor Concerto, K. 466, and Prokofiev's rarely heard Fifth Concerto. Richter is nothing if not unique, for his particular brand of pianism refuses to fit into any familiar mold. He is a staggering virtuoso for whom technical problems scarcely seem to exist, but his style contains not a trace of exhibitionism. He appears to go out of his way to make things sound easy rather than difficult (even he, however, cannot do this for the Schumann Toccata, which he conquers with a truly astounding display of sustained energy), never seeking to dazzle us with glittering display, but approaching the music from a purely intellectual point of view. At a first encounter the Schumann Concerto sounds masterly yet curiously aloof and unemotional. The more we listen, however, the more we become aware of the most delicate tonal shadings and a rubato of incredible subtlety. Perhaps we do miss just a little warmth and spontaneity in this music, but it is nevertheless a deeply satisfying account of a work which is often made to sound sloppy and sentimental or treated with a hard gloss.

The most interesting performance I have yet heard from Richter is the Mozart, a work frequently romanticized to a point where the composer becomes almost unrecognizable, but played here with clarity, aristocratic poise, and masculine delicacy. The orchestral contribution, too, seems to me quite outstanding and wonderfully matched to the pianist's conception.

Decca's March list, like a bridal outfit, contains things old, new, and borrowed—though, as far as I can see, nothing "blue." Among the old are Ansermet's performances of Stravinsky's "Pulcinella" and "Song of the Nightingale," long familiar in mono form and now issued in an acceptable but hardly outstanding stereo version. Borrowed are the "Sea Interludes" and Passacaglia from the complete recording of "Peter Grimes" to provide a coupling for a Britten masterpiece new to discs—the Nocturne, Opus 60, for tenor solo, seven obbligato instruments, and string orchestra. This clearly is a sequel to the lovely Serenade written for Pears and the late Dennis Brain; once more Britten has chosen poems concerned with night—by Shelley, Tennyson, Coleridge, Thomas Middleton, Wordsworth, Wilfred Owen, Keats, Shakespeare—and linked them

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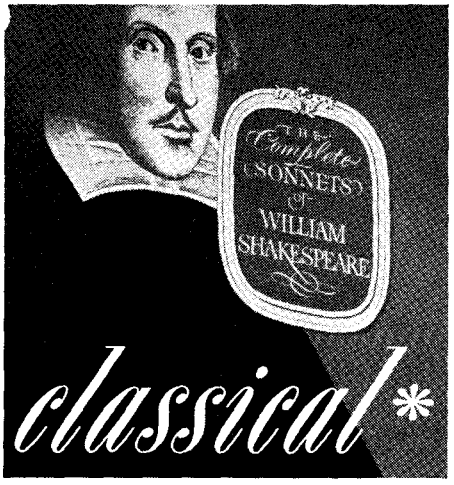

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into a musical structure that unifies divergent poetic styles by its own imaginative logic. Unlike the Serenade, each song here—apart from the first and last (strings only)—features a different obbligato instrument: bassoon, harp, horn, timpani, cor anglais, and, jointly, flute and clarinet. The performance, featuring the astonishing Pears, Britten directing the strings of the London Symphony, and an excellent group of soloists, may be described as the personification of authenticity; it is, moreover, beautifully recorded. Whether it was wise to back the Nocturne with the "Grimes" excerpts torn from their context (and without their customary concert endings) is a debatable point; many Britten admirers will want the whole of "Grimes" and the Nocturne, yet are likely to resent the waste of a whole twelve-inch side on a duplication.

Other new Decca issues include the second volume of Handel Organ Concerti, recorded in St. Mark's, Munich, by Karl Richter and a chamber orchestra which he directs from the console. These are delightful performances, exquisitely recorded. Backhaus's new stereo "Emperor" Concerto shows that the old master still retains all his athletic power and the ability to assume the "grand manner"—though, as often before, I find his reading cold and prosaic. The recording, with the Vienna Philharmonic under Schmidt-Isserstedt providing a great deal of splendor, is first-rate and the disc is sure to become popular. In Brahms's D minor Piano Concerto, Katchen and Monteux resume a partnership which first found phonographic expression in RCA's "Petrouchka"; the result reveals, not a conflict between youth and age, but resources pooled to impressive purpose. I have never heard Katchen give a better performance, while Monteux's wisdom and experience help to make this a memorable disc. Ricci, aided by Ansermet and the Swiss Romande, plays Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole and Ravel's Tzigane with plenty of dash and no little skill, but not quite enough style or charm to stand up to the test of repeated playings. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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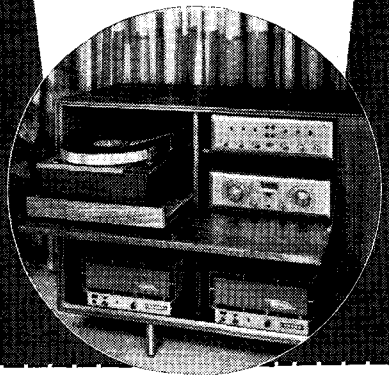

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Letters

Continued from page 51

company the record. So what does it matter? If a composer copies another composer's style, his music will be a cliché. But serial organization is not the stylistic property of any one composer.

ANDY RUDIN.

Austin, Tex.

VIVA BERNSTEIN

IN ANSWER to Roberta Norbury's letter [*SR*, Feb. 27]:

How can anyone say that Leonard Bernstein talks too much? Mr. Bernstein's eloquent speech is music in itself. The man is a force, and a great creative power.

If Miss Norbury wants just music, let her go out and buy a record. Mr. Bernstein's program is to enlighten, then entertain!

JOAN HOROWITZ.

Sherman Oaks, Calif.

ROBERTA NORBURY remarks that Leonard Bernstein's "three parts talk and one part music" concerts seem aimed at "musical morons."

I believe Mr. Bernstein has stated that he isn't trying to bring music down to a low level; he simply wants interested but musically uneducated listeners to understand what composers are trying to do. This aim is an admirable and important step in the raising of the American cultural level. Furthermore, Mr. Bernstein must be given credit for the new spirit and realization of purpose in the playing of the New York Philharmonic.

I thoroughly enjoy Mr. Bernstein's lecture-concerts and feel they are "aimed" at me, and I am not a musical moron.

JUDITH BARWELL.

Rochester, N. Y.

VICKERS ON DISCS

IN THE FEBRUARY 27 issue you reviewed "Beecham's 'Messiah,' and Handel's." In the course of the article you mentioned that this was Jon Vickers's phonographic debut. This may be true as regards an American recording, but not true if you consider Mr. Vickers's excellent participation in a Toronto Mendelssohn Choir recording of "The Messiah" under the direction of Sir Ernest MacMillan (Beaver Records, Ltd., LPS 001). I am not certain of the release date, but I purchased my album in 1954 in Toronto.

Thank you for the many moments of enjoyment made possible by your reviews and articles.

W. M. PORTER.

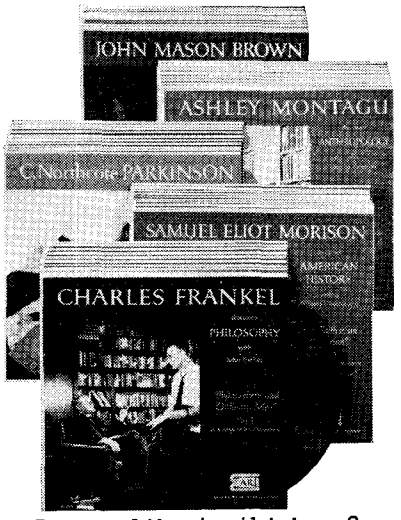
Warren, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Six years have made a different man with the same name of Vickers.*

SCHOENBERG AND UCLA

IT WAS WITH sadness that I read Robert Breuer's fine review of Arnold Schoenberg's letters [*SR*, Jan. 30].

My daughter attended the University of



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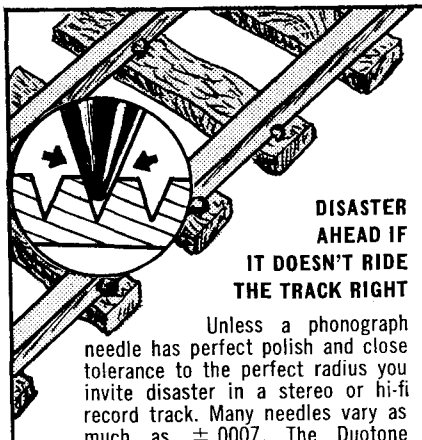

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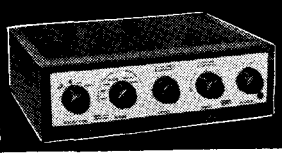

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ROMAN FREULICH.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

NEW USE FOR CAGE

I'VE JUST READ the February 27 issue of your magazine and come across a blasphemous letter written by somebody called James B. Guimes.

As a civic-minded fifteen-year-old, I rise to the defense of Arnold Schoenberg and John Cage. (Especially Cage, since his beautiful notations give me inspirations for paintings.) Schoenberg and Cage are two of my favorite people. James B. Guimes isn't. *I* care what John Cage "concocts," even if he doesn't. Amen.

MEGAN PARRY.

Bala Cynwyd, Pa.

GO WEST, CITY CENTER

CONCERNING Julius Rudel's question about interest in American opera [*SR*, Feb. 13], I can only state that I want to see both "Susannah" and "The Ballad of Baby Doe" and I am seconded by many in this area.

Unfortunately, no City Center national tour comes our way with American opera. But we still hope.

HOWARD M. RAYMOND.

Los Angeles, Calif.

"I AM NOT A MAN OF BUSINESS"
Ludwig van Beethoven

Beethoven wrote this in a letter to a music publisher who informed him that since sonatas were played in homes, they sold better than symphonies, and so he could get a better price for them. A symphony however, Beethoven protested, was "of incontestably greater value." This problem of price vs. value remains with us today, and it applies as well to performances and recordings. "Half good" performances and "half good" recordings have a price but no value. Vanguard Demonstration Records are *top-drawer* productions, offered at $1.98 for Monaural and $2.98 for Stereolab to introduce an ever-increasing public to what the name *Vanguard* means on a record. These are bargain records in price, but they show no bargaining with the values of music, performance and recording as an art.

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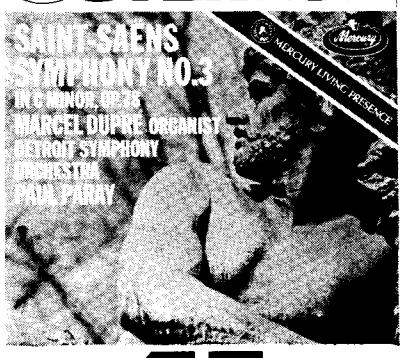

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(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued from page 65)

APARTMENTS FOR SUBLET

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A second time; from time to time.	111 112 157 171 88 99 25
B. Concealed being or nature.	29 21 47 73 9 123 87
C. Across, esp. in an oblique direction.	70 106 124 148 46 35 167
D. A hazard of writing almost obviated by the wide use of ball-points.	172 93 177 26 165 28 109
E. Quality of existing at present.	86 91 100 181 7 13 67
F. Muscle which rotates a part outward.	57 154 164 65 170 145 82
G. Spanned.	135 77 31 115 16 53 103
H. Scene of first bloodshed in King Philip's War, 1675.	97 180 55 18 72 78 34
I. Deprive of strength as by some sudden shock.	64 122 139 143 105 33 74
J. Massif in Wales, site of highest peak of the country.	150 176 49 92 140 24 126
K. Person desired in current song "to watch over me".	44 3 11 66 179 129 153
L. Lower than, in rank, dignity, or excellence.	52 104 80 17 132 40 6
M. Nineteenth-cent. novel whose subtitle was "Over the Range" (Butler).	79 90 121 54 84 10 147
N. How Molière would have classed George Sand as a "femme".	39 61 161 116 178 127 134
O. Bible name for some unidentified objects for the revelation of the will of God, declared by Joseph Smith to have been found, setting forth Mormonism.	141 69 38 4 75 96 144
P. What the Christian Era said goodby to on Jan. 1 of this year.	131 113 1 5 138 155 120
Q. Feminine name meaning good; fiancée of Max in "Der Freischütz".	160 130 42 22 107 149
R. Suburb of Bristol, Eng., famous for hot springs and deep gorge spanned by famous bridge built 100 years ago.	151 117 36 15 95 101 43
S. Familiar English title of one of Schubert's most famous songs, much asso. with the late Schumann-Heink.	118 56 45 163 23 32 8
T. Any burden or load.	59 20 12 128 76 137 27
U. Disclose (2 wds.).	37 60 174 102 14 89 71
V. Turns on an axis.	2 58 83 125 68 136 119
W. Indicating time or occasion of an action.	110 159 81 41 19 146 114
X. Town mentioned in Arthurian legends, usually identified with Guildford.	169 51 63 158 152 108 166
Y. Specifying Schumann's Symphony No. 3, first played in America, 1861.	156 168 162 98 48 62 142
Z. Pope's long poem satirizing minor writers and critics, 1728.	173 175 50 133 94 85 30

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 P	2 V	3 K	4 O		5 P	6 L	7 E		8 S	9 B	10 M	11 K	12 T	13 E		14 U										
15 R		16 G	17 L	18 H	19 W	20 T	21 B	22 Q	23 S	24 J	25 A	26 D		27 T	28 D	29 B										
30 Z		31 G	32 S		33 I	34 H	35 C	36 R	37 U	38 O	39 N		40 L	41 W	42 Q	43 R										
44 K	45 S	46 C	47 B	48 Y	49 J	50 Z	51 X		52 L	53 G	54 M	55 H	56 S	57 F		58 V										
59 T		60 U	61 N	62 Y	63 X	64 I	65 F	66 K	67 E		68 V	69 O	70 C	71 U		72 H										
73 B	74 I	75 O		76 T	77 G	78 H	79 M	80 L	81 W	82 F		83 V	84 M	85 Z	86 E											
87 B	88 A	89 U	90 M		91 E	92 J	93 D		94 Z	95 R		96 O	97 H		98 Y	99 A										
	100 E	101 R	102 U	103 G	104 L	105 I		106 C	107 Q	108 X	109 D		110 W	111 A		112 A										
113 P	114 W	115 G		116 N		117 R	118 S	119 V	120 P		121 M	122 I	123 B	124 C	125 V	126 J										
127 N	128 T	129 K	130 Q		131 P	132 L	133 Z	134 N		135 G	136 V	137 T	138 P	139 I	140 J											
141 O	142 Y	143 I		144 O	145 F	146 W	147 M		148 C	149 Q	150 J		151 R	152 X	153 K	154 F										
155 P	156 Y		157 A	158 X		159 W	160 Q	161 N	162 Y		163 S	164 F	165 D	166 X		167 C										
168 Y	169 X	170 F		171 A	172 D	173 Z	174 U		175 Z	176 J	177 D	178 N	179 K	180 H	181 E											

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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VOL. III Nº II

Continued: A Short Treatise on Irish Whiskey in America

LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED

YOU TOO CAN BE A COUNTER SPY.

FROM time to time we [[The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland]] receive reports from those who, thirst-frenzied by our burnished, emphatic accounts of Irish Whiskey, have sprinted to the Whiskey store or bar to sample the eight grand brands. But when they got there the cupboard, while not exactly bare, had only five or six of them or three or four or sometimes two or one; and in one dreadful instance the poor creature found none at all. Now, this would seem to be easily remedied, wouldn't it? One might suppose that all one needed do was ask: "Will you ever mind putting in an adequate selection of Irish Whiskies?" Or even: "Would you ever be so kind as to keep so-and-so brand in supply?" No, we understand this simple stratagem does not work and you are better off saving your breath. Oh, the man will order a particular bottle for you and be happy, indeed he will, but he will not grant it permanent place on his shelves; not for just one person. It is something like the story of the cafe whose boast it was they served any meat in the world so a man came in and asked for an elephant cutlet and the waiter said he was sorry but the man surely couldn't expect them to kill their elephant for just one chop. Well, how many requests does it take? We do not know how many for elephants but in the case (or bottle) of whiskey we are given to understand the magic number is *three*. Presumably on receiving his third request for such-and-such a brand the man at the Whiskey store or bar will telephone his supplier with singular haste, particularly if you are adamant. How to put this intelligence to use? We suppose you could form into teams of three and synchronize your watches. Or, if you prefer the lone game, don false beard, smoked glasses, etc. and go around thrice yourself. This is chancey and if you are caught burnished-handed we shall, of course, blandly deny everything. However, should you care to work directly with us we would very much appreciate your going underground for the moment to provide us with some sorely-needed and specific information. If, your next trip to the pub or Whiskey store, you will kindly fill in the form on the page facing and mail it to us at Dublin we shall follow-through. Ah, please do not think we are proposing this lightly; in truth there is no other way at all for us to obtain such precise "consumer data", as they say. Yes, your efforts will be of great service to us and we thank you.

© 1960, THE WHISKEY DISTILLERS OF IRELAND

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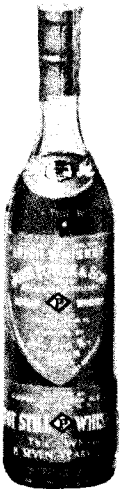
[IRISH WHISKEY COUNTER (OR BAR) SPY REPORT FORM]

PADDY



POWER'S GOLD LABEL

OLD BUSHMILLS

JOHN JAMESON

TULLAMORE DEW

DUNPHY'S ORIGINAL IRISH

GILBEY'S CROCK O' GOLD

MURPHY'S

The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland, P. O. Box 186S, Dublin. (*Postage: Airmail 15c; by surface 8c*)

Gentlemen:

Using the above catalogue as my guide, I have lurked about the public house (or whiskey store) known as:

NAME_____ ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

I asked for:
- ( ) *Just "Irish Whiskey"*
- ( ) *Gilbey's Crock O'Gold*
- ( ) *John Jameson*
- ( ) *Power's Gold Label*
- ( ) *Paddy*
- ( ) *Dunphy's Original Irish*
- ( ) *Old Bushmills*
- ( ) *Tullamore Dew*
- ( ) *Murphy's*

They had:
- ( ) *Gilbey's Crock O'Gold*
- ( ) *John Jameson*
- ( ) *Power's Gold Label*
- ( ) *Paddy*
- ( ) *Dunphy's Original Irish*
- ( ) *Old Bushmills*
- ( ) *Tullamore Dew*
- ( ) *Murphy's*

( ) I don't mind if you use my name; ( ) I would rather you didn't use my name.

NAME_____ ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

P.S. If I call on any more stores or bars I will write the information out on a plain piece of paper.

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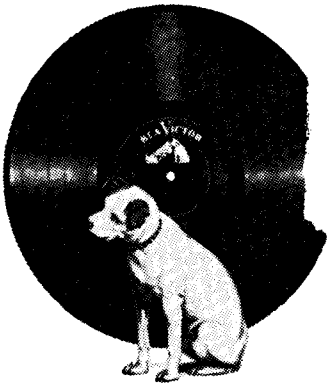
This collaboration of a master pianist and a new star among violinists is an event of the first magnitude. It is Rubinstein's first recording ever of the "Kreutzer." And Szeryng, you remember, won the 1959 First Prize of the "Académie du Disque Français" for his RCA Victor album of the Brahms Violin Concerto.

Everything concert strings can do (and they are unique among instruments for plasticity of texture and color), Morton Gould has them do here. And if you think Gould's best-selling "1812" and "Bolero" are something in stereo, you'll hurry to hear Mr. Stereo's settings of favorites like "Pizzicato Polka."



Music from the best-remembered movies of the past twenty years is here given full symphonic treatment by Fiedler and the Boston Pops. Examples: the most stirring recordings you've ever heard, in hi-fi or stereo, of the "Warsaw Concerto," "Intermezzo," "Laura," "Moulin Rouge," "Gigi," "Cornish Rhapsody."

Two Monteux 85th birthday albums. For most listeners, the "Fantastique" and Monteux are synonymous. This reading, with the Vienna Philharmonic, is stunning! Its companion—Tchaikovsky's 4th, with the Boston Symphony—completes Monteux's cycle of the last three Tchaikovsky symphonies.

Reiner studied piano under Bartók at the Budapest Academy. He remained a devoted admirer, introducing much of Bartók to America (e.g., the "Sketches"). "Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta," an exciting addition to the Reiner repertoire, reflects his 50-year rapport with Bartók's music.

Beniamino Gigli: the tenor in his peak years. "The type of singer he represents is not to be expected in his perfection more than once in a generation," says Groves Dictionary. Here is the Gigli of the 20's, with his most popular selections (monophonic only).

Saint-Saëns: 3rd Symphony. Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony in a hi-fi and stereo triumph. Munch, a long-time Saint-Saëns specialist, is an enthusiastic devotee of the "Organ" Symphony. Here, with audio experts, he achieve a sound masterpiece

the world's greatest artists are on... RCA VICTOR

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